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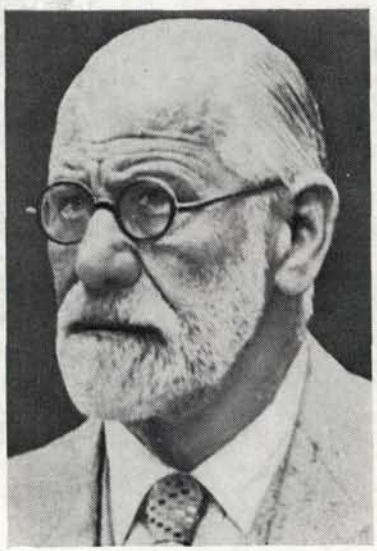
MARCH 21, 1967

FREUD, SEX AND HISTORY

NATIONAL REVIEW



History on the Couch:

ZELIGS' Hiss and Chambers
DR. ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

FREUD'S Woodrow Wilson
DR. THOMAS S. SZASZ

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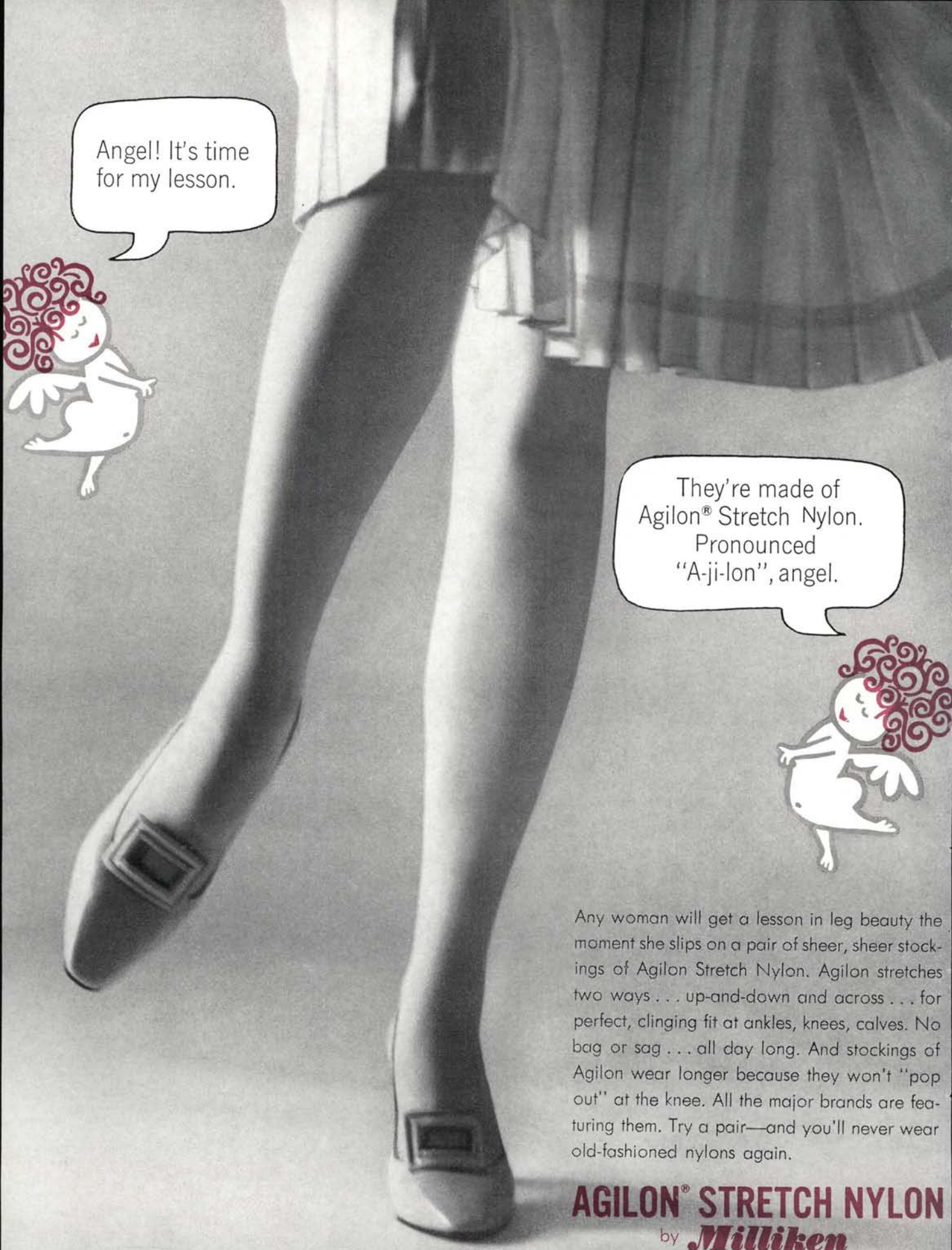

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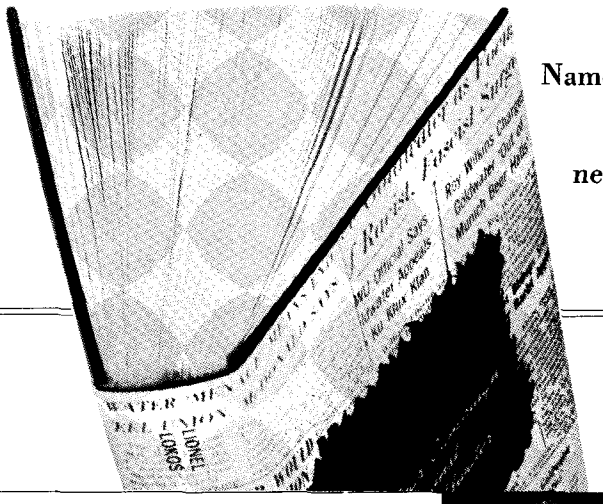

Names the *people* . . . the *newspapers* . . . *magazines* . . . *networks* that carried out a strategy of lies, news distortion and news suppression — the better to spread hysteria throughout our country!

HYSTERIA 1964

The Fear Campaign Against Barry Goldwater

by Lionel Lokos. A Selection of the Conservative Book Club

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Barry Goldwater

EVERY CONSERVATIVE knows, from his own aching experience, the deliberate lies that engulfed Barry Goldwater in 1964. So does Lionel Lokos (author of *Who Promoted Peress?*). But in 1964 Lokos did more than look on in outrage. He kept voluminous files before and during the campaign. With mounting fury, he watched the Liberal hatchetmen slant, suppress, twist, bury, lie. Millions of Americans were gulled.

It is too late to undo that debacle. But Lionel Lokos is determined at least to show *how* it happened: how a decent man and a great patriot was transformed into a monster by the "respectable" media. Here's just a hint of the smears that Lokos exposes:

- **The radio program that predicted that Goldwater as President would postpone the next Presidential election.**
- **Goldwater plans a vacation in the Bavarian Alps — and the Liberal press reports it as a neo-Nazi plot.**
- **The New York newspaper that prints all the news that fits . . . and therefore keeps silent about news favorable to Goldwater.**
- **LBJ's spokesman charges that Goldwater victory would bring sinking of American merchant marine.**
- **Liberals in never-never land: the charge that a Goldwater victory would mean forced labor camps in the U.S.**
- **The CBS report that Goldwater denounced as "the damnedest lie I ever heard."**
- **Rockefeller and Scranton cut up Goldwater. Barry's grim remark about their tactics.**
- **Goldwater's moving speech in support of his vote against the Civil Rights Bill of 1964.**
- **"A Diary of Defamation": day by day through the muck.**
- **Irresponsible fantasies in print — by Lippman, Pearson, many others.**
- **Disgraceful tactics of Look, Life, Newsweek, Time and the NBC, CBS and ABC networks.**
- **The hoax about NATO Commanders getting the right to fire nuclear weapons — authority which they already had!**
- **Goldwater's own interpretation of his statement on "extremism."**
- **The Left's greatest propaganda triumph: how they made a travesty of Goldwater's position on nuclear strategy.**
- **SNCC's John Lewis threatens the South with violence, but the Times writes of his "gentle army."**

Risk-Free Examination

Hysteria 1964 is a tribute to the author. It took uncommon courage to write this book. Lionel Lokos works for WQXR, the radio station owned by the *New York Times*, and Mr. Lokos dares to speak out against the policies of his own boss. How many of us, conservative or otherwise, would have the guts of this man?

Demands are growing to do something about dishonest press and TV coverage. The prejudices of the network commentators came through again on election night last November. Now in *Hysteria 1964*, Lionel Lokos has given us a case history of the way the Establishment manipulates facts in the service of its ideology. *Hysteria 1964* gives us a weapon we'll need in 1968 — to ward off 1984.

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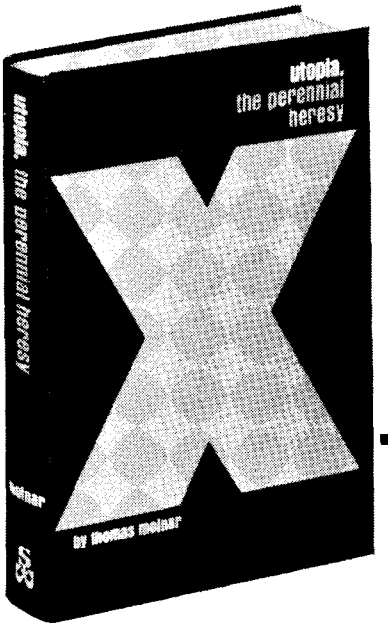
What do Thomas More, Karl Marx and Teilhard de Chardin have in common?



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MARCH 21, 1967

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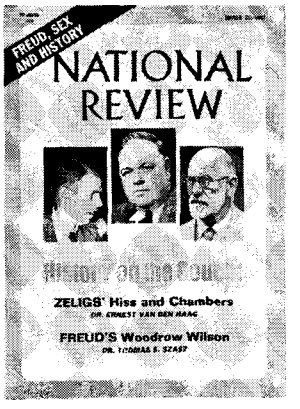
IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ Two expert and renowned observers of human conduct wade nto waters recently muddied. **Ernest van den Haag** is a psychoanalyst in private practice and professor at New York University as well as lecturer at the New School for Social Research; he analyzes he incredible errors and distortions in Meyer Zeligs' recent attempt to exonerate Alger Hiss via the defamation of Whittaker Chambers, and in the process o rewrite history. **Thomas Szasz,** professor of psychiatry at the University of he State of New York and author of *Psychiatric Justice* and *The Myth of Mental Illness,* very carefully weighs the value of the book on Woodrow Wilson by Sigmund Freud and the late William Bullitt. It is a case of the substitution of the language of science for the language of morals; but it is also an invaluable description of the failure of modern messianic liberalism. . . . Mr. **Bruce Chapman,** proceeding from what he believes to be a sturdily libertarian foundation, has come up with a set of proposals concerning the draft, conscription and military duty in general. Is this Mr. Chapman the same who recently joined the staff of candidate George Romney? Yes. Does this mean that Mr. Chapman is here acting as the Governor's spokesman? If so, no one will be able to complain that on *this* hotly debated topic Mr. Romney has failed to make his position clear. Mr. Chapman has also written a book on the subject (*Wrong Man in Uniform,* Trident Press). . . . From Brazil comes a report by **John W.F. Dulles,** who thinks that Humberto Castelo Branco is well on the way towards a top spot in the history book if his economic reforms come through as planned. . . . From the tundra of Outer Oklahoma Mr. **Alec Waugh** ponders the rigors of travel these days, wondering if a winter in the Caribbean isn't rather second-rate after Edmond, Okla. . . . **William S. Schlamm** writes movingly of the late Henry R. Luce, with whom he worked as a close personal aide for a number of years.



➔ **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.,** at sea in the Gulf of Tonkin, writes of the necessity of bombing the enemy, and of the reasons why that bombing is of decreasing effectiveness. . . . **James Burnham** makes a point about the CIA flap that hasn't been made elsewhere, and deserves to be made, namely that the real pros are mum. . . . **Frank S. Meyer** looks at the current craze for LSD and such, and finds more than a casual surrender to hedonism. . . . **Russell Kirk** happily displays yet another bit of evidence that all is not lost among the young.

➔ **William A. Rusher** has mixed feelings about the new book by Karl Hess, who was one of Barry Goldwater's top staffers in 1964. Mr. Rusher's own forthcoming book, a report on his years with the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, is due soon from Arlington House. . . . **Russell Kirk** bows again, this time liking much of what he sees in Fergus Reid Buckley's first novel. . . .**Willi Schlamm** also pitches double headers: here he takes up Eugene Davidson's (ed. of *Modern Age*) book on the Nuremberg trials. . . . **Francis Russell** has kind words for a clutch of foreign acting troupes now venturing into the American wilds. ➔

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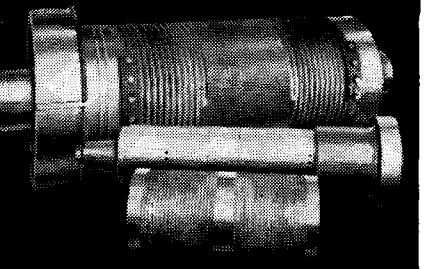

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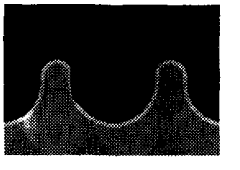

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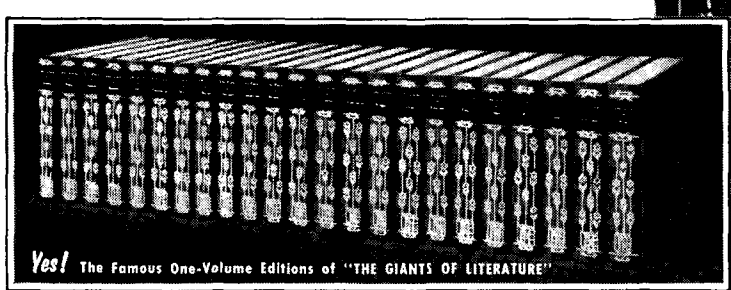

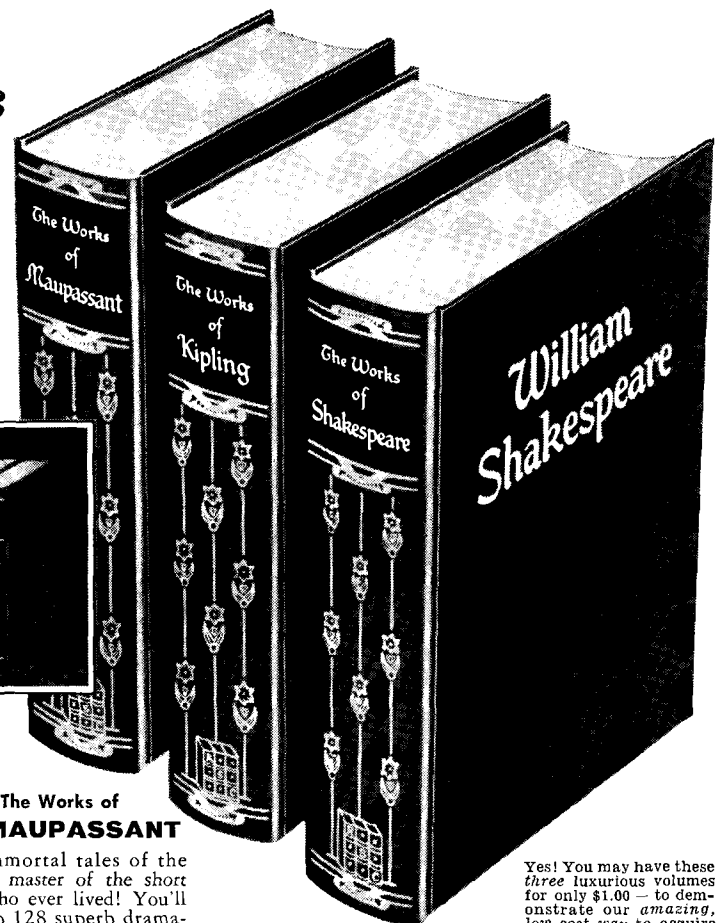

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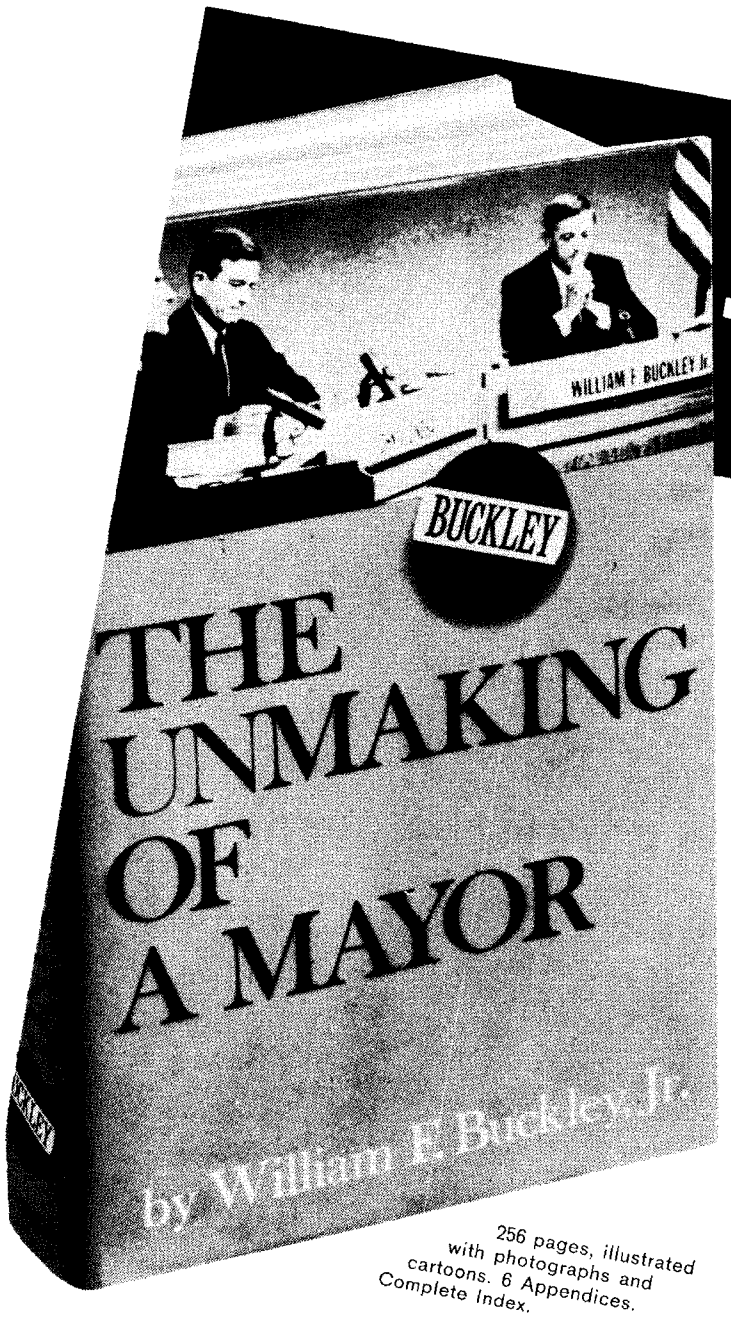

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TO THE EDITOR

Farmers and Poverty

I am sure you would be appalled if you knew how often farmers are appalled by what non-farmers write in such media as NATIONAL REVIEW.

In the March 7 issue I liked Mr. Milton Friedman's "The Case for the Negative Income Tax," but felt painfully for his naiveté in believing that farm-price support programs are intended to alleviate poverty. At least nine-tenths of these payments go to farmer-businessmen who must for the sake of accuracy be described as well-heeled, including in their numbers many quite comfortable senators, congressmen, doctors, Presidents, and even movie actors. Farm laborers, who are hired by the day and have no stake in the business, are, of course, poor, but their very landlessness disqualifies them for price support payments. Poor *independent* farmers, almost without exception, have long since been driven off the farm due to government farm policies. So Mr. Friedman's figures on the high cost of relief, I'd say, are at least $5 billion out of kilter.

What often hits farmers when reading non-farmers is the persistent habit of overlooking the fact that the U.S.'s unemployment problem is attributable entirely to its efficiency at farming. By Mr. Roger Freeman's own figures ["What Makes Ivan Run?"] the USSR has at least 36 million adult workers on the farm, while the U.S. has at most six million, a shocking difference of some thirty million able-bodied men and women. One of the things a traveler can hardly help noticing in Russia is the hordes of people busy doing the most piddling of jobs. I'd say that if the Russians ever achieve our agrarian and industrial efficiency they will have an unemployment problem to knock their hats off.

Trenton, S C. H.. B. HAMILTON

Friedman's Logic

"The Case for the Negative Income Tax" makes a conservative gulp and search his soul to see if it is ready for the world beyond the grave—there isn't much left here to hope for.

Nevertheless, the logic of it cuts deep. If Milton Friedman would attach an amendment which gives local or state authorities the right to garnishee the rebate "negative income tax check" for local taxes if the "poor" recipient utterly refused to work when able, I'd almost totter into agreement.

Wichita, Kan. LAURENCE A. DAVIS

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Toward Utopia

I cannot help sensing an inevitability in Roger Freeman's article "What Makes Ivan Run?" Life in the Soviet Union today seems to fit the caricature of capitalist societies drawn by Marx's disciples in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, while life in the West clearly paradigms their adumbrated post-revolutionary utopia. The worst of it is that the United States, after 1789, never knew justification for the kind of reforms later instituted in England, never provided a semblance of a claim for social reform through law. Where the path to the Welfare State abroad is clearly marked by legalistic reaction to ancient institutions, here it is paved with subversions of our educational system by sociologists pretending to be historians.

Amber, Pa. JOSEPH PAUL MORRIS JR.

Consular Accord

Your editorial on the proposed Consular Accord ["Not Right Now, Please" Feb. 21] strikes me as a poorly disguised prejudgment. You explicitly understand that with regard to new opportunities for spying ". . . the advantage here is truly on our side"; and recognize too that ". . . United States citizens who get in trouble in the Soviet Union might have a better chance to get out of it under the Accord's provisions" (while all such rights are already afforded to Soviet citizens here). Nonetheless, you are appalled that Moscow may learn ". . . that the way to get concessions out of us is to hit us hard, and then harder."

It seems clear that any "concessions" in the Accord are on the Soviet side, according to your argument. Moreover, those of us who appeal to the market mechanisms in the search for economic efficiency would be hard put to demonstrate U.S. concessions in the opening of free trade; rather the gains are mutual.

New Haven, Conn. GEORGE B. HENRY

Aloise B. Heath

"Aloise Buckley Heath, RIP" [Feb. 7] was more than a tribute; it was, in a wonderful way, a portrait of my mother's life. It read as she lived, at least for as long as I have known her and known of her. The article began, and so, I have no doubt, did she; she lived a big life—I can't think of another word, but it means something to me—and, having begun, the article was the same way she was, big. I will carry "ABH RIP" always with me; it is better than a picture. Thank you.

West Hartford, Conn. JAMES B. HEATH

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2. Motor: "Synchromesh" motor is 6000 rpm. marvel of German engineering. Ba-Fe permanent magnets, self-lubricating bearings and copper-carbon brushes assure long, hard-working life.

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4. Marvelous Extras: Patented LumiRing spotlights working area for perfect shaves in any light. Vacuum action keeps whiskers from your clothing. The ACCUMEN is lockable to keep it exclusively yours (sorry, teenagers). Finally, women are wild about the ACCUMEN, because the shaving head is round and smooth and has no sharp edges. (But, **please,** buy her one of her own.)

Still more. The ACCUMEN is not just the finest shaver in the world. Optional attachments make it a complete system. Look at the coupon and help yourself.

Should You Buy a Shaver by Mail—Sight Unseen? It may be unorthodox, but the only way to buy this shaver (on this side of the Atlantic) is from us, the exclusive importer/distributors. Be that as it may—why not? What's the risk? You order the ACCUMEN not only with the one-year new shaver guarantee; not only with the $12.95 LifeTime Shaver Plan, but with this added assurance:

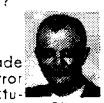
Unconditional promise: Try the ACCUMEN for two weeks. Then, if you don't agree it is indeed "the ultimate", send it back to us. We'll return your money by air mail and write you a nice thank-you letter.

That's it. For the price of an ordinary shaver you can now shave with the pride of Europe. The ACCUMEN. The ultimate shaver. The only electric shaver that shaves close enough (in the woods or at home) to satisfy "blade men". And the only shaver in the world that will never be repaired, but that offers the exclusive ACCUMEN LifeTime Shaver Plan.

FREE!
Order the ACCUMEN and at least one attachment now and we'll send you in addition a beautiful rechargeable flashlight. Retail price of this flashlight is $4.95.

KUDOS FROM ACCUMEN FANS

Here are a few unsolicited fan letters from erstwhile doubting Thomases who became solid ACCUMEN partisans. How about you?



Harold Parker, Box 67, Vanceburg, Kentucky
Truly outstanding—beats anything made in this country. I never even use a mirror with the ACCUMEN, because I can actually **hear** when I have a perfect shave. Please send two additional shavers as gifts to friends.

Joel Adler, 2635 Haring Street, Brooklyn, New York
Shaving with the ACCUMEN is a pleasurable experience. I now realize that a close, non-irritating shave is possible with an electric. The formidable powerplant, if charged overnight, lasts for two weeks of shaves.

Roger P. Siegel, 2036 E. 22nd Street, Cleveland, Ohio
I consider your ACCUMEN the finest shaver made. It cuts fast and close and produces no razor burn. Your ad is accurate in every detail. You have a superior product.

Harry L. Hooker, Box 11, Glasgo, Connecticut
I am very pleased with the ACCUMEN. It is all you claim it to be and much more. I have recommended it to all my friends. You may count me as a loyal user.

Rev. Wm. H. Hohman, Pastor, Alliance, Ohio
Please send me another ACCUMEN Shaver. This is the third one I have ordered—my friends seem to like them too much. If this keeps up I might become your East Coast representative.

Robert Buckner, 818 N. Doheny Drive, Los Angeles 69, California
There is only one word for the ACCUMEN—"superb". Please send me another one. I want it for my son's birthday.

L. D. Myrah, Williamson Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio
The ACCUMEN is without doubt the best shaver I have ever owned—and I have had at least six different makes.

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- ☐ ***Automobile Charging Unit (12 or 6V.)* $ 4.95**
- ☐ **Praktikus-5, ACCUMEN with all attachments in zippered travel case....$39.95**
- ☐ **Praktikus-TW; same, but with ACCUMEN TRANSWORLD $41.95**
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The WEEK

● Don't Shoot, It's One of Theirs: From April to August 1966, 3,577 parking tickets were issued to cars bearing diplomatic licenses in Washington, D.C. More than half of these cars were Russian. The Russians also led the list of DPLs who didn't pay their fines, but although this information is available and unclassified, according to the *World Journal Tribune,* the State Department is keeping statistical breakdowns a secret from the press. If you want to know who the biggest DPL scofflaws are, or the next biggest (last December the average was 744 a month), "you'll have to get a subpena," says State.

● For Jimmy Hoffa, as for his predecessor Dave Beck, the road to glory has led, however tortuous the detours, to a federal penitentiary. Last week he started an eight-year term for the crime of tampering with a jury. It was the one of a dozen or more indictments against him that the government was able to make stick. To have gotten Hoffa for tampering with a jury is the equivalent of having gotten Al Capone on income tax evasion. What Hoffa and Beck have never been brought to book for are the strong-arm tactics and terrorism that accompanied their drive to power and helped to make the Teamsters the largest, the toughest, and potentially the most dangerous union in the nation. Hoffa never believed—to the end—that he, Jimmy Hoffa, wasn't going to escape this rap, as he had escaped so many others. Other people served time—but not Jimmy Hoffa. And yet the law, in its own deliberate pace, finally got him, and the gates that clanged shut behind him at Lewisburg last Tuesday may also have symbolized the waning of his kind of unionism. For labor, too, this is becoming the era of the Organization Man.

● Latest fusillade from Americans for Democratic Action, delivered March 8, lays down the law to LBJ over his policy in Vietnam—and everywhere else. Drafted by Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr., Hans J. Morgenthau and the ADA's Roy Bennett, the document takes the form of a "penultimatum," combining specific demands (no more bombs over North Vietnam, de-escalation in the South, negotiations with the NLF, a civilian government for Saigon etc.) with premonitions (threats?) of disaster in 1968: ". . . It is conceivable that for the first time in this century a Democratic President might be turned out of office after only one term." Is the ADA, powerful liberal arm of the Democratic Party, giving notice that its patience with Lyndon Johnson is almost exhausted?

● There are still about $560 million of silver certificates outstanding, and present law requires the Treasury to hold silver bullion as a reserve against them (valuing the silver at $1.29 an ounce). Simultaneously the Treasury has been selling silver on the market in order to contain the price at $1.29, lest a higher price invite the melting of the U.S. silver coinage. But the Treasury is about to run out of "free" silver (i.e. bullion over and above the certificate reserve). So the Administration will ask Congress to permit the sale of silver formerly considered as reserves, and probably also to permit a "cutoff" date to be assigned to the redeemability of the silver certificates, after which the entire Treasury supply will be available for the suppression of the market price. In the Kennedy Administration it was announced that the withdrawal of silver certificates would be handled slowly, over a period of thirty years. Similar eyewash is available from the Treasury even today, with sanguine forecasts of controlling the silver price "indefinitely." The truth is that we're running out of silver faster and faster; and the likeliest prospect is that the price will climb to an equilibrium level more than twice the present price before 1970.

● Latest Gallup finds 67 per cent of the American people in favor of the bombing of North Vietnam, 24 per cent opposed (9 per cent undecided). Most people in favor said bombing was the only way to end (Gallup's word) the war. Percentages on the question, "Do you think the U.S. made a mistake in sending troops to fight in Vietnam?" show No's pulling 52 per cent as of early February, the highest figure since the 59 per cent of last March, soon after the Vietcong had spectacularly violated truce periods for the first time.

● The Mysterious East Explained: "Elementary reciprocity," the term the Administration uses for the halt in infiltration that never seems to come in return for a halt in the bombing, was hashed over by some North Vietnamese officials in conference with U Thant, who concluded that our difficulties with Hanoi are semantic. "For instance," he said, "in the view of the North Vietnamese, reciprocity means the United States is bombing North Vietnam and North Vietnam is bombing the United States. That, in their view, would be reciprocity. Since North Vietnam is not bombing the United States, the United States, in their view, should not bomb North Vietnam." And who said this was a complicated war?

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● There are complaints from across the Atlantic that U.S. immigration policies are promoting a "brain drain"—that is, the perfectly natural gravitation of trained scientists, doctors and technicians away from places where they are poorly paid and under-equipped to places where they do better work and make a better living. The Senate Subcommittee on Immigration and Naturalization conducted hearings on the matter last week, and State's Eugene V. Rostow testified that our immigration policies were just fine, and that the drainee nations should adjust their own political and economic arrangements to make brains feel more at home. Sounds almost as if Mr. Rostow has been brushing up on his Adam Smith.

● What's this? Another petition: ". . . We young Americans send this message to the youth of China. We are students, workers, farmers, technicians and artists. . . . We take this opportunity to assure you—the youth of China—of the deep and abiding friendship and solidarity of all young Americans." The introductory rhetoric will sound familiar, but it leads into a lament for the present turmoil in China and the rejection of "our every gesture of friendship and aid," and a hope for the day "when we can join in helping you to rebuild a free China where young people can look forward to a life of dignity and peace in the great tradition of Chinese civilization." The petition, now being circulated on 217 campuses by the Student Committee for a Free China, will be distributed in Red China through underground channels.

● What the French elections *didn't* prove is that the French people have given President de Gaulle a blank check on foreign policy, although that will be the way de Gaulle will interpret it. In the final weeks foreign policy—de Gaulle's attitude toward the United States, toward NATO, toward the Vietnam war, toward Britain and the Common Market, toward West Germany, toward the East European satellites, toward the Soviet Union, toward Red China—was discussed, ritualistically, but played no real part in the campaign. The issue was: do you want de Gaulle or don't you? Do you want the government you know and have lived with for eight years, or something else, dangerous, shadowy, uncertain? By and large France opted for five more years with Good Time Charlie and, having made the choice, can settle back to its usual harping and carping about everything he does from now on. *La logique, toujours la logique!*

● RFK on the "Today Show," March 7: "Before we take the final plunge to even greater escalation, I think we should try negotiation." Now, why should that remark make us think of springboards to the Presidency?

Toward a Brokered Convention

According to Seasoned Observers, Not to Mention Unimpeachable Sources, the Year 1968 Is Less Than a Year Away.

1. Michigan's Governor George Romney is back from a whirl around the Western track, and it looks as if his handlers have almost decided to return him to pasture. Romney suffered not only from more than Eisenhowerian incapacity to communicate but also from a gaffe-proneness of Mr. Magoo dimensions. Asked about Charles Percy, poor Mr. Romney called him an "opportunist"—this, while Sen. Percy was singing Romney's praises while touring Michigan at his invitation. Percy roared. Romney explained: an "opportunist," in Romneyese, is anyone who is intelligent enough to seize upon a good opportunity when it presents itself. The dust had hardly settled in Detroit when Governor Romney journeyed to Washington, there to deliver an address at a top echelon Republican fund-raising dinner. Without exception the press described his attempts at humor limp and his attempts at profundity platitudinous. The audience sat with folded hands. Romney aides admitted: "A few more like this and we're through."

2. Illinois' freshman Senator Charles Percy appears to be moving fast into the vacuum left by Romney, like an opportunist should. Percy shows signs of having a very good press; hardly a day goes by without its news of Percy's doings or thinkings; and the press has appeared to be actively interested in getting the GOP backroom boys to stop pushing Romney and get serious about Chuck Percy. Percy in turn has escalated his horizons so that he is now making pronouncements on foreign policy and military strategy, the most recent of which were his complimentary comments on Bobby Kennedy's anti-bombing speech and his stubborn support of the consular treaty which would open up Soviet and American cities to reciprocal consular arrangements. This made it quite clear that Percy has adopted the tactic of running around left end; no coloration could be more explicit than his statement, "We cannot wage holy wars of anti-Communism." It was the same phrase used by Old Socialist Norman Thomas during the Cuba debates in the wake of the Bay of Pigs disaster, 1961.

3. Meanwhile, Governor Ronald Reagan of California continues to astonish the professional pooh-poohers. The California State GOP Central Committee is reported to be jubilantly happy over Reagan's achievement in uniting the various wings of the Party which had been flapping at cross purposes since 1964. Reagan has impressive backing where it counts the most for his proposals about the state university

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system: one survey concludes that fully 67 per cent of California voters support Reagan on this question. At the Washington dinner where Romney collapsed, Reagan captivated his audience and outshone all other speakers, impressing even the neutral and hostile press. The Republican speaker at this year's annual Gridiron Banquet was Ronald Reagan: there is a strong superstition about stepping from Gridiron Club daises to national convention nominations. (The corresponding Democrat, this year, was Bobby Kennedy.) By early March, Rep. Gerald Ford of Michigan was willing to withhold his endorsement of Michiganite Romney, while simultaneously announcing that he thought Mr. Reagan was "certainly" qualified for higher office.

4. With all this going on, it should come as no surprise that the Republican Convention in 1968 will probably be decided in a smoke-filled hotel room. *Everyone* is going to be a favorite son. According to one pro, the first ballot will carry between seven and eight hundred votes for favorite sons, and the only possible solution will be for the favorite sons (or their big brothers) to get together in the brokerage parlor and trade their blocs around until someone has a majority, and the others have a piece of the action. The feverish public relations activity of GOP hopefuls between now and then must be considered as so many attempts to be assured a seat in that smoke-filled room when the final bargaining starts. We'll keep you informed.

Where Blows the Draft?

The President's proposal to change the draft rules will bring into focus an expanding but up to now rather formless debate. Although the majority of young men of draft age seem satisfied with the present system—this was the finding of a recent private poll conducted on behalf of GOP National Committee chairman Ray Bliss—the more articulate citizens of all age groups have become increasingly critical. It is further noteworthy that criticisms of the present system, as well as programs for a replacement, cut across the usual ideological divisions. Leftists, liberals, moderates, conservatives and right-wingers find themselves in unexpected united fronts for and against almost any of the theoretically conceivable systems.

There is one plain sense in which the present system undoubtedly works: it supplies the military with the necessary bodies. This is why the perennial director, General Lewis Hershey, defends it so stalwartly and why the military and the members of Congress close to the military tend to resist changes. But the system has become more and more manifestly haphazard and inequitable, and it imposes needlessly prolonged uncertainties on the potential draftees. The basic inequity results from the deferment regulations, not only because they treat different groups of young citizens differently, but because in practice the standards are not and cannot be applied uniformly even if they were just in the abstract.

Under the President's plan, following the recommendations made by the National Advisory Committee on Selective Service, the draft call-up would come, generally speaking, at nineteen, and would be by lot. Exemption would be virtually eliminated. Mr. Johnson left open for debate the question whether strictly temporary deferment should be granted for undergraduate study. Among graduate students only those preparing to be doctors, dentists or ministers would be eligible for deferment, and the medical and dental students only on condition of signing up for subsequent service. The present local draft boards would be replaced by four hundred or five hundred regional boards, with local branches.

Under the present draft law the President is empowered to put these changes into effect on his own initiative, and he has stated he will do so, in stages, prior to Jan. 1, 1968. However, the present law expires on June 30 of this year. Congress, in renewing it, is at liberty to delete the discretionary power. The occasion arises, therefore, for a public debate not only on the President's proposals but on the whole problem of the draft and military service.

Believing the issues here to be of profound practical, constitutional, moral and philosophic importance, *NR* intends to join actively in this debate. The alternatives are of course not limited to the President's plan *v.* the present system. As against any form of "selective service," many persons, from differing points of view, have been calling for "universal service." Universal service, in turn, can be either exclusively military, as is the case in a number of European nations, or might offer a choice be-

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But Does He Project?

They say the image Nixon makes
On color television "takes,"
Gives LBJ the holy shakes.

If Bobby's hair were to recede
(And may I wish each hair Godspeed!)
They say the kid would lose his lead.

However, the pundits hold
That Hubert Humphrey can't be sold
Because he'll be too goddamn old.

My friends, we're being put upon.
We're victims of a giant con.
Relax. And turn the TV on.

W. H. von Dreele

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From the Hip

Postage: What You Can Do about It!

ROBERT M. PATRICK

Right off, I want to thank Mr. Bill Buckley for giving me this opportunity to become a regular columnist. Up until now, my writing has been strictly reportorial, and, while I expect to continue my reporting chores, I'm happy for this chance to try something new. Bill says column-writing isn't as easy as it looks; we shall see.

After giving the matter considerable thought, I decided to write my first regular column on the problem of postage. (Moments after I reached this decision, a note arrived from Editor Buckley, telling me to write my first column on "postage." I consider that a good omen.)

Patrick

The fact is, I knew virtually *nothing* about postage, and wasn't terribly interested—cared less, you might say. But a good idea is a good idea, as Editor Buckley was quick to agree, so I set off to *learn* about it.

What better place to start than NR itself? Surely we must have a mailing machine or two around the place? And someone to man them, etc. etc.? One should, I reasoned, be able to find out all one needed to know, with the added benefit of being 100% sure of one's source (very important, for a columnist).

Downstairs, I found just the man. He has asked to remain anonymous, for fear that the disclosures he made to me might, as the saying goes, Put Out the Post Office, with consequent retaliation. I intend to respect that confidence. (A good columnist should protect his sources.)

He started from the beginning; how the machines work ("You put the unstamped envelope in here . . . "), the various kind of stamps ("Now here's a *four*-cent one . . . "), and so on. Finally we got to what he called the Big Picture.

It seems that mailing letters is really very big business. You and I have probably never thought about it much, but these people *have*, I can tell you. And they're in trouble, real trouble: rates are up, and going higher; ZIP codes are costly to apply and costly to mail without—and things will get *worse* before they become totally impossible.

I asked him how all this affected NATIONAL REVIEW. He became animated. I saw the pupils of his eyes dilate. His voice rose several decibels. I was no longer speaking to the cool professional postage-stamp man, but to an artist-of-the-mails.

"You have to understand that *all* magazines depend heavily on the mails to get new subscribers," he stated flatly. "Traditionally, that was the cheapest method—and you know how cheap NR has to be!"

But, he expounded, it's cheap no longer: "It costs about *twice* as much to get a letter into the mail—even a letter inviting some thoughtful person to subscribe—than it did when I first came here ten years ago. Why, it's got so bad that we *must* find new methods of reaching an ever-expanding readership, which, as you may know, sir, is our goal."

I asked him (stepping for a moment out of my role as interviewer) if he had ever considered the possibility of making *one* mailing do the work of *two*, thus cutting his costs approximately in half?

The Piggy Back Trick

He became thoughtful: "Hmmm, I get it—the old Piggy Back trick, eh? Sir, you may have hit on something! Why, if we put our invitations to new subscribers *right in the magazine itself*—we've *got* to mail that, after all—we would not only save postage, as you point out, but we would also gain *another* advantage! We would be reaching the very audience we have always wanted to reach (but never could) through the mails: friends and acquaintances of *our own readers*—we'll do it!"

I asked how (a mistake, perhaps). He told me, in three or four thousand words. The gist of it, if I caught his meaning, is; he intends to ask for a page in NATIONAL REVIEW itself and explain all this high-cost-of-postage-and-how-you-can-help right there. Then, he'll try to get a handy subscription card inserted at that very spot. All readers will have to do is tear out the card and use it to introduce some friend to NR—or give an introductory gift, if they prefer.

He asked if I would give his plan a plug in my column. I said I would, if the opportunity arose to do it tastefully. One has to be tasteful, I explained.

And with that, I set off to write my first column. I can't wait to see it in print. For my next regular column, I think I'll cover "poll-taking," an idea, I gather, which occured to both Bill Buckley and me at the exact same time—another good omen.

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tween military and civilian duties (Peace Corps, conservation or "anti-poverty" work, etc.).

In sharpest contrast to every sort of coercive or partly coercive system is, moreover, a purely voluntary or "career" system. In his article that we print in this issue ("Why Not Abolish the Draft?"), Bruce Chapman argues the theoretical and practical case for a voluntary military establishment. It is noteworthy that Mr. Chapman, whose general liberal position has lately drawn him to Governor Romney's staff, rests his argument on the libertarian premises that have led others who regard themselves as anything but liberal to much the same conclusions about military service.

From the standpoint of libertarian doctrine, abstractly considered, the case for a voluntary solution of this as of all other political and social questions seems at first glance conclusive. The situation in practice is not quite so unambiguous, as is suggested by the difference we feel in speaking of a "career" army rather than a "voluntary" army, though the two terms in our day mean the same thing logically. Besides the well-known doubts about whether enough men would sign up under a purely voluntary system without raising costs to a prohibitive level, there is the graver question whether, granted the size and immense economic weight it must have in our epoch, a career military establishment might not develop inevitably toward the sort of militarism that, historically, has so often destroyed libertarian values. Mr. Chapman recognizes this possibility, but it perhaps demands more detailed consideration than he gives it. To those holding more traditionalist or organic theories of society, whether from the left or right, the libertarian premises themselves, as well as the voluntarist conclusion in this instance, are suspect.

We shall continue this discussion, with further exploration of the diverse views, and we shall welcome the comments and participation of our readers.

The CIA Orphans

What is going to happen to the National Student Association, African-American Institute, Institute of International Labor Research, Inc., U.S. Youth Council and the rest of those psywar babies left in the storm that broke over their parent's head? They are delicate children, warmly nurtured, unused to the rough and tumble of the marketplace where ordinary youngsters have got to sweat and scrounge for their nickels. Who's going to pony up now for those global jaunts, roomy offices, cush scholarships, slick-paper magazines, glamorous conferences in distant lands?

It's not going to be so easy, any more, for Mother CIA, though some still have hopes they can keep their key to the cupboard. (The staff of NSA still sits in the handsome office for which CIA pays the rent, and its advisory board, at a recent meeting, voted, according to UPI, to try to "work out a new arrangement . . . to continue receiving a subsidy from the secret spy organization.") Still, there will be many a waif looking for a hospitable doorstep.

Why not open subsidies by overt agencies of the government—USIA, State, the Office of Education and so on? For many activities in these fields, an open subsidy seems in order, as many commentators have suggested. But if the subsidies were open, pursuant to appropriations duly and openly voted by Congress, there is no prospect that the abandoned CIA offspring, predominantly left-wing and often very left-wing, would be the exclusive beneficiaries.

Would you be very surprised if Uncle Ford Foundation, Aunt Carnegie Endowment, Great Aunt Rockefeller Foundation and maybe a few of those rich global-minded corporate Cousins like Xerox began adopting these poor tykes and making sure they continue to live the good life to which they have been so long accustomed? *We'd* be surprised if a good deal of thinking along these lines isn't being done in the relevant places, but we're not so sure they'll get away with it.

The Sin of Adam

Like some gas-lit melodrama, the saga of Adam Clayton Powell hurtles from one climax to the next.

Act One: The Ouster. The House could have accepted the recommendations of the Celler committee to censure and strip of seniority the representative from Bimini. Instead it refused to seat him, and so Powell, like Julian Bond crashing the Georgia legislature, went to the Department of Justice to claim his constitutional right to the seat he was elected to, Bimini or no Bimini; and to enjoin the governor of New York from calling a special election to replace him—as if, he hardyha-ed with the reporters last week, anyone could replace him in a contest for the affections of all Harlem. And it seemed to be true. On top of all the noise and jokes there came the testimonials of the civil rights leaders and cadres—Roy Wilkins alone dissenting—and a Harlem monster rally casting Adam's story in the very terms Adam tells it himself, the story of white men persecuting a black man for outdoing them at their own dirty game. For all that, an election date was set, and then—

Act Two: The Republicans put up James Meredith. A notable silence in Bimini.

Surely Meredith is the stuff dramatic heroes are made of: ingenuous, earnest, bumbling, with a

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ Now that the U.S. House of Representatives has decided to exclude Adam Clayton Powell from the 90th Congress, one who can say "I told you so" is the conservative Ohio Republican, Rep. John Ashbrook. In March 1963, Ashbrook—a member of Powell's Education and Labor Committee—took to the floor of the House to accuse his chairman of falsifying the expense account of his six-week trip to Europe in 1962. But in 1963 the civil rights movement was in full bloom, and Ashbrook got nowhere. Now the report of the special House committee which investigated Powell has confirmed Ashbrook's charges. It reports that Powell collected $10,607 in foreign currencies for that 1962 trip, but accounted for only $4,938; and that from 1961 through 1964 Powell drew $13,164 in foreign currencies for his trips abroad and accounted for only $6,902 in expenses. It was Rep. Vernon W. Thomson (R., Wis.), a member of the investigating committee, who remembered Ashbrook's charges and got the committee to look into the matter.

◆ The Internal Revenue Service is finally studying the tax-exempt status of the left-wing National Student Association. Rep. James B. Utt (R., Calif.) and others have been urging such an investigation for years. Although the timing—coming after NSA's admission that it has been subsidized by the Central Intelligence Agency—can only add to the suspicions that the IRS uses its tax-exemption powers for political purposes, the investigation is still needed. In the past the IRS' wrath has been directed principally against right-wing organizations, while leftist groups remained unscathed. IRS even revoked the tax exemption enjoyed by the Sierra Club, a conservationist group which last year led the fight against two proposed Grand Canyon dams—a project the Federal Government then maintained was a necessity, but has since junked. Meanwhile, the organizations that lobbied *for* the proposed dams—and to a much greater extent than the Sierra Club lobbied against them—remain untouched.

◆ Newly elected Senator Edward Brooke (R., Mass.) has injected himself into internal California Republican politics. In a Lincoln Day speech in Los Angeles, he heaped lavish praise on party-pooping Sen. Thomas Kuchel, who may face a stiff conservative challenge in his primary next year. Brooke said Kuchel has made "substantial contributions" to the nation, that Californians should renominate and re-elect him, and that as a member of the Senate GOP Campaign Committee he will urge an all-out effort in the primary for Kuchel and would be willing to campaign personally for him. (This brought thundering silence from those liberal members of the Senate GOP Campaign Committee—and their journalist mouthpieces—who worriedly speculated that chairman George Murphy might use his position to favor conservatives.) The day before Brooke's speech, another Negro Republican leader spoke in Los Angeles—Clarence Lee Townes Jr., special assistant to GOP National Chairman Ray Bliss. Townes praised Republicans Percy, Hatfield, Baker, Rockefeller and Agnew, conspicuously not naming Reagan. One of Townes' first acts at the GOP National Committee was to give a tour to Dick Gregory, the entertainer and militant civil rights leader.

◆ Gerald Ford, House GOP leader, keeps a file on each Republican member of the House. Identifying each manila folder is the incumbent's name, the year he was elected to Congress, and a figure representing the number of times his vote helped supply the Democrats with their margin of victory on a piece of legislation. . . . Making quite an impression on Capitol Hill recently was Milton Sachs, brought in by Sen. Thomas Dodd (D., Conn.) to speak to a group of visiting clergymen opposed to the war in Vietnam. Sachs' liberal credentials are all in order: he is a professor at Brandeis University, active in the peace movement in Boston, a member of the ADA national board, and a former staffer in the State Department's Vietnam desk who quit over opposition to the Diem government. But he also takes a hard-line position on the war. He pointed out to the clergymen that more friendly civilians were killed in the liberation of one city —Cannes, France—in World War II, than in the entire Vietnamese war. "Would any Frenchman argue," he asked, "that France should not have been liberated from the Nazis because a certain number of civilians unfortunately would be killed?" **—CATO**

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record of independent action and personal courage —a perfect counterweight to Powell's elegant villainy. Meredith is not Roy Wilkins' stooge—his battles with the NAACP have been epic; nor will it be easy to pin the label of white man's pawn on a man who was shot in the back in Mississippi. It will be an exciting show, but the very emotions which will make it exciting are bound to obscure what the drama is all about, and that is the sin of Adam Clayton Powell.

The polemics have been dandy; they prove nothing. Democracy is by its nature imperfect; scamps, frauds and malingerers in public office are part of its natural condition—they steal our money, waste our time, pervert our institutions, and get re-elected. They do not ordinarily, and this is the point, take office *for that purpose*. This is what Powell has seemed to want to do. It is his purpose to institutionalize the opportunities for corruption that are inherent in his office, and his wild pleasure in doing just that, and the wild acclaim of his supporters, are his contribution to the lesson that democracy teaches of its own dangers and that we are so slow in learning. Let it not be said that Powell has not served

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his constituency For 22 years he has served an apparent need to raise hell with white institutions and traditions. Now he has been challenged.

Curtain for Act Three.

India: Out of the Straitjacket

The following comment on the recent Indian election was prepared by Mr. Deb K. Das, an Indian student leader, artist, poet, broadcaster and journalist, graduate of Calcutta and Cambridge Universities, who is now completing his work for a doctorate in Economics and Political Science at the University of Washington.

It has taken twenty years of Indian independence and the fourth Indian election to do it, but Indian voters have finally come up with the proof: there really *is* an Indian Right.

True, the Indian Far Left was also very much in evidence during these 1967 elections. It scored many significant gains; in that tormented and eternally perplexing southern state of Kerala, it even made something of a comeback. But its gains were expected, if somewhat depressing, and they provided little evidence of new thinking or organization on the part of major Far Left parties. Only the Samyukta Socialists, a sort of Anarchist-Populist New Left with Huey Long overtones, appear to have had any unexpected success. This was due as much to their maverick postures as to any real popular support.

The Communist performance was, in fact, a classic re-enactment of the death wish that seems to have seized Communism over much of the world. Dutifully splitting up into "Right" (pro-Soviet) and "Left" (pro-Peking) parties, the Communists spent much of their time and effort fighting one another. Both were partially successful. As a result, the Far Left (except in Kerala) is in a magnificent state of disarray; feuds are the order of the day, and animosities between factions leave little room for early compromise.

The Indian Right, by contrast, seems to have provided most of the surprises. Once dismissed contemptuously as "right-wing extremists, reactionaries and feudalists" by no less an authority than the late Jawaharlal Nehru, the parties of the Right won more than eighty seats in the 513-member federal legislature, nearly tripling their previous strength. For the first time, Right parties gained absolute majorities in state legislatures: not just one state, but three and possibly four (out of sixteen). A preliminary vote analysis shows that approximately fifty million Indian voters (one in three) voted to the right of the ruling Congress Party.

The Congress Party, for the time being, will have enough trouble patching up its shattered position; for it, the 1967 elections were a catastrophe. Having held three-fourths of the seats in the federal legislature for fifteen years, Congress saw its majority slip to a perilous fifteen to twenty votes. In addition to the four states where it will have to suffer other parties in the saddle, Congress failed to gain an absolute majority in four other states, and in these may well have to undergo the ignominy of coalition.

Predictably, the rise of the Indian Right has provoked prophecies of doom and disintegration from U.S. correspondents to whom anything rightist calls forth a major anathema. A by-lined UPI dispatch from New Delhi, in

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fact, called the 1967 elections the beginning of the end for India as a nation. When the reality is studied, however, this facile conclusion is found to be the exact opposite of the truth. The 1967 election marks, for India, not an end but a beginning: an end of the post-imperialist hangover of "umbrella government," a beginning of genuine democracy and productive federalism.

The two leading parties of the Indian Right—Swatantra and Jan Sangh—are in no sense the wild-eyed fanatics of journalistic imagination. Swatantra is free-enterprise and progressive-libertarian, with a pro-West stance, committed to major social and economic change under private initiative. Jan Sangh is traditionalist and conservative, seeking an organic Indian nationhood. It is militant only to the extent that it feels that the Congress Party has betrayed Indian interests and Indian values. Both parties are strongly anti-Communist, and support U. S. involvement in Vietnam. Both parties consider fifteen years of socialistic planning to have brought India to the brink of economic disaster, to which Swatantra would add political corruption, and Jan Sangh moral degeneracy, as inevitable by-products. Swatantra's economic policies are more industry-based, hence more imbued with laissez-faire ideals; Jan Sangh, backed by rural conservatives, thinks more in terms of re-directing initiative towards agriculture. But these are differences in an over-all context that is still pro-West, anti-Communist, antistatist.

Even in purely numerical terms, the Right is expected to have a major influence on domestic and foreign policy in the years to come. The political unrest in India before the elections was an outcome of under-representation. Now that the Indian voter has restored perspective by exercising his franchise, the battle will shift from the streets into legislative halls. Even more significant, though slower in coming, will be the changes in Congress itself. The Congress Party right-wingers, who have acted as weather vanes to balance the more doctrinaire Congress Left, may well make major policy shifts towards the Right to recapture popular support. India will probably be more "federal," in reality as well as on paper, once the state legislatures begin to exercise the constitutional prerogatives that have moldered so long on finely-printed vellum. India itself will not only endure but gain from these changes; its vicissitudes, in the larger context, are no more than an exercise of her complex and diverse personality.

Notes and Asides

An alert reader points out that now is the time of year when many libraries, schools, clubs, etc. review their subscriptions to magazines, and send, or fail to send (sometimes out of mere oversight), renewals. He suggests that you check up on your local libraries, schools and clubs, to make sure that they are carrying NATIONAL REVIEW on their shelves now and that they are keeping the subscriptions up to date; or, if by chance they have not been subscribing, that they hurry up and do so.

Henry R. Luce, RIP

To know him was to know America. In a lifetime of meeting intelligent and creative people I have never met a more fascinating or better man than Harry Luce. And in learning to comprehend him (which was not easy) I learned to comprehend America.

Like most other creative people, Harry Luce will be remembered for his less important creations—in his case, for *Time*, *Life* and *Fortune*. And these three magazines, undoubtedly the entire world's most successful popular journals, are indeed enough achievement to justify a great man's life and labors. But I want to justify that this man Harry Luce was considerably more than the sum total of his achievements. He was the most sensitive and perhaps the profoundest intelligence of our generation. And, besides, he was the only Christian gentleman in the corrupt world of successful journalism.

As usual, his outstanding failure may prove to be the true measure of his nature. Harry Luce, who had accomplished so much, did not attain the greatness of spiritual leadership. In years of a close relationship based on work for and friendship with him, I began to understand the source of his failure. This man, seemingly so sure of himself, was burdened with a shy and often frustrating respect for the prevailing intellectual pretensions of his world. Born and amply equipped for spiritual leadership, he recoiled from it—out of a humble readiness to accept the intellectual pride of his contemporaries (who thanked him for this with arrogant depreciation).

Like America herself, Harry Luce, so worldly and so successful, was inseparably tied to the stern pessimism of a theology that acknowledges the hopeless wickedness of man as the central fact of his existence; and accepts worldly success as a token of a willful and unearned Divine Grace. Yet let no one think that such theological insight was but the unconscious posture of a Calvinist missionary's faithful son. For Harry Luce, theology remained the true intellectual passion of a not exactly religious life. His idea of a perfect evening was to go to bed with a volume of Niebuhr or Maritain. And whenever I was with him to discuss pressing editorial affairs, we inevitably would end up discussing fine points of theology.

Like America herself, Harry Luce conceived work as a problem of salvation. An insoluble problem, to be sure—because a Calvinist denies any causal nexus between Salvation and Good Deeds; and yet the only real problem of human existence because, Calvinist or not, Luce was a Christian. Torn, as America is,

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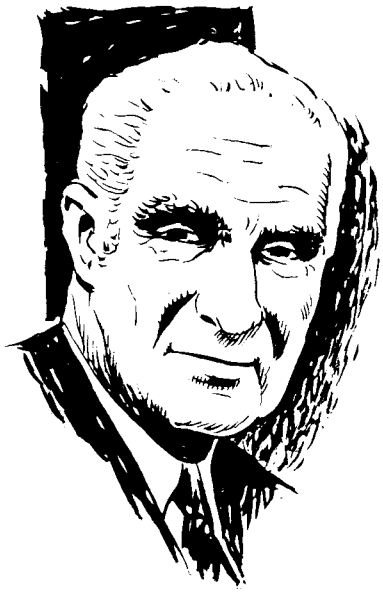
between Christian dedication to the good life (i.e., to work) and Calvinist skepticism about man's irrelevance, Harry Luce developed unlimited energy for the day's work, and a growing diffidence towards the spiritual adventure that fights for, rather than resigns itself to, salvation.

This, in the aspect of concrete work, assumed superficially the bearing of conformism. In his editorial decisions, he preferred to agree with the world "as it is"—not because he liked it that way, but because that's what it was. In 1944, when I cast my vote against the projected "United Nations," he told me sorrowfully: "For all I know, you may be right. But an editor must be ahead of his readers by about three weeks. And if he is ahead of them by ten years, he is in the wrong profession." Now Luce was undoubtedly in the right profession. But I think it is absolutely insane to suspect him of conformism for the sake of material success. This man, so capable of intellectual adventure, was handicapped by a prudence that was born of humility and theological skepticism: whatever exists merited, to him, validity; or else it would not exist. And who is man to challenge the validity of the existing?



'. . . the most sensitive and perhaps the profoundest intelligence of our generation. And, besides, he was the only Christian gentleman in the corrupt world of successful journalism.'

Yet Harry Luce, like America herself, never lost his yearning for the adventures of intellectual courage. For it remains one of the antinomies of Calvinism that, as a Protestant attitude, it retains the Promethean drive—the proud dream of man's unattainable omnipotence. This particular antinomy, as we all can testify, is responsible for five centuries of civilizing progress; and thank God for it. In the case of Harry Luce, it made him an unerring judge of excellence. True, his intellectual and political heroes changed frequently, and a few times too often; but it was his instant response to traces of excellence in them that provoked him.

Never have I known a man so unfailingly to represent, nay, incarnate his nation. And yet, at the same time, he excelled among his countrymen. Precisely because he so wholly remained a Calvinist, a true son of Scotland, he remained nearer to a true American image than many of his American contemporaries—the image of the Christian Gentleman. There was an ingrained nobility in him, a shy generosity and, yes, an awkward eccentricity that made him, altogether, the incomparably lovable human being he was. To me, who came to America as a grown and incorrigible European, Harry Luce became, 25 years ago, the personification of all I love about America—her promise of greatness, her inhibitions and ambitions, her uncertainties, her hunger for excellence and for moral justification, her touchingly human imperfections.

During the last eight years, I could check Harry Luce's personal impact on Europe. Wherever I go I find his traces—and they are everywhere traces of an inspiring presence. For Europeans, accustomed to the cliché of the "ugly American," this was the utterly unexpected phenomenon of the beautiful American. Europeans who knew him (and there are, surprisingly, thousands of them) were conquered, not so much by his utterly believable affinity with the entire Western world, but above all by his insatiable hunger for competent information. No one who ever met him will ever forget his eagerness to learn, to grow and even to listen (though his own rapid intelligence made him terribly impatient with all that pompous stupidity a traveling editor must listen to). His proverbial curiosity was far more than professional duty. It was (and even the most arrogant Europeans perceived this) an almost physical hunger for enlightenment, for insight, for comprehension. It was, in short, the mark of the true intellectual.

Indeed, Harry Luce was the most dedicated intellectual I have ever known—which, of course, made America's professionally "liberal" intellectuals detest him. It has become fashionable, if not mandatory, among the arbiters of America's "intelligentsia" to smile at Harry Luce as style-setter for "the American middle brow." But, whatever sins and follies his magazines may have committed, Harry Luce took the obligations of intelligence far more seriously than those cynical acrobats of the mind who perform in the circus of America's "intellectual elite." True, he had the tough luck, in serving the spirit, to become a millionaire. But then, neither the *New Yorker*, nor even Arthur Schlesinger Jr., actually starves. America, let us face it, rewards intelligence. And this, to me, is one of America's less unforgivable sins.

Harry Luce, if anyone, was that "Man Thinking" that Emerson referred to. This made him suspect to all who abhor everything Emerson (and Luce) stood for: spiritual responsibility and a yearning for dignity. True, Emerson and Macaulay (and Harry Luce felt

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himself unashamedly in their tradition) had a somewhat undeveloped taste for esthetic innovation and for the experiments of the senses; but they acted as trustees of purpose, dedication, and nobility. These, looking back, were Harry Luce's central concerns.

And this, it seems to me, is the essence of the Christian Gentleman. He may lack the zeal of the prophet, the genius of the uncompromising innovator, even the final courage that is required of the lonely searchers for truth. But he is faithful, sane, and fair. He may err, but the motive of his errors is generosity. I knew this Christian Gentleman and I loved him. I can hardly wait to see him again.

W. S. SCHLAMM

On the Right

The Bombing of the Innocents

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Gulf of Tonkin. The bombing of North Vietnam, which is the principal controversy of the day, is done substantially from aircraft carriers in the Gulf of Tonkin, which is most famous in contemporary history as the place which first caused Lyndon Johnson to show signs of life concerning the Vietnam war.

Buckley

It was during the Presidential campaign in 1964 when North Vietnam torpedo boats, mistaking themselves for Democratic polemicists, decided to have a whack at two American destroyers cruising in the Gulf. LBJ reacted sternly. His decision at that time is viewed by historians as consistent with his major decision of February 1965 (taken after he was safely elected and Barry Goldwater properly rebuked for having suggested the necessity of doing the same thing)—to hit back at the North Vietnamese aggressors by selective bombing. Selective bombing, because much of North Vietnam that most needed bombing was declared off limits.

The boundaries have gradually changed, so that for instance much that was not considered bombable in 1965 now is. But in deference to world opinion, and to that class of Americans which considers it barbaric to interfere with barbarism, there are still limits of immunity; and within those limits, needless to say, the enemy is especially active. A close study of hundreds of photographs, miraculously lucid transcripts of the before and after, argues two conclusions.

The first is that the bombings have accomplished a great deal—you will see, in photographs taken the day after a particular bombing, not only the craters caused by our own bombs surrounding a train that had been headed south, but great cavities that indicate what that train was carrying—high explosives to be used against American and South Vietnamese. That train did not get through, nor a hundred others, nor another hundred loaded down with other kinds of supplies that grease the wheels of the revolutionaries. It is not calculable how many Americans are alive today on account of these bombings, but there are many such, and the enemy is, on top of that, the worse off for the acute economic disruption in the north.

The second conclusion is that the bombings, though continuously necessary, are less and less effective. One reason is, of course, the increased efficiency of the enemy's anti-aircraft defenses—an increasing percentage of a mission must devote itself to flak suppression. Another is the enemy's genius for extravasation. That is the only word for it. Like the tiny capillaries that spring into being to conduct that blood back into the vessel around, over and under the point of interdiction, the Vietnamese are developing skills at overnight bridge-building, at intricate detour routes, at combinations of track, highway and canal uses, at every kind of ingenious cannibalization.

And more and more they are relying not only on the soaring cost to the Americans (1,100 airplanes downed or incapacitated since the bombings started, value just under $3 billion), but also on adapting to the terrain so as to develop staging points that are all but unbombable. For instance, in the lee of mountainsides, in tunnels, under the cover of virtually impenetrable camouflage. The stuff is coming in too massively to be stopped effectively.

Our military is faced with the irony of having to send hundreds of airplanes to hunt down trucks and boxcars diffused over ten thousand square miles of territory carrying matériel the overwhelming bulk of which, just a day or two before, was concentrated in a few square blocks in Haiphong.

It is as though all the doctors in New York City were assigned to running down and curing cholera victims as they popped up here and there, but were forbidden to give their attention to the central water supply. There is a good case for the doctors continuing to track down victims, even as we track down the boxcars, trucks and bicycles. But there is also a good case for zeroing in on the sources of infection.

During the recent holiday season, everything on the China Coast that could float scurried down to the harbors and beaches of North Vietnam, and the saucy photographs reflect the haggard exasperation of men who, some of them, will die tomorrow trying to track down the goods of war that sat there, nubile on the beaches, during the hectic four days in which the Communists celebrated the New Year by escalating on Western sentimentality.

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The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

Notes on the CIA Shambles

1) In all the fanfare the most important point has been lost sight of: the United States has been badly hurt. True enough, a good many of the exposed activities did more harm than good. It's no loss if CIA is now forced to drop some Vietniks, African terrorists, Juan Bosch and Norman Thomas from its payroll. But the bag was mixed; valuable projects that have served the nation were also killed or wounded.

Burnham

The nation suffers, too, from the manner and mode of the blowup. The nation's prestige and credibility, in bad enough shape already, have been further damaged. Scores of institutions that were or might have been useful will have to be discarded; creating substitutes will be very expensive. The torrent of revelations will indirectly blow hundreds of CIA operatives. Future international activities of individual Americans and of American organizations, no matter how clean, will be embarrassed. It will be difficult for citizens of other nations to have any connection with an American organization of any sort, or to express any pro-American opinion, without meeting the scornful charge of "CIA stooge."

2) On the purely technical side CIA has been incredibly clumsy. It has violated principles of clandestine and conspiratorial operations known from pre-history. As one instance, the principle that the number of persons in the know should be kept to the minimum essential to the actual conduct of the operation. As another, the principle of discontinuity—an extension of the cell principle—which decrees that at every level of a clandestine apparatus there shall be a minimum of interconnecting links. As CIA had set things up, blowing one office (the NSA, for instance) blew dozens in sequence, like a chain-stitched seam unraveling after the first break.

3) Much of this CIA psywar complex had been known for some time in the circles that interest themselves in these matters. But for it to be known in an unconfirmed sort of way is very different from its being openly displayed and acknowledged. It is noteworthy that the current orgy of exposure and revelation has come wholly from the Left. The whole episode was triggered by a sensationalist organ of the New Left, exploiting information supplied by leftish members and former members of the National Student Assocation. When the papers began printing the results of dips into foundation files, other liberal and left-wing types rushed to confess.

The Know-Nothings

There were also hard anti-Communists, including some of rightward tendencies, who knew about these activities; some who were, or are, involved in them. These persons kept their mouths shut, and still keep them shut. They are not out for kicks and global junketing. They take anti-Communist political warfare seriously, and therefore do not talk about what they are doing, or what they know. When they have been questioned, they have given one or another form of the classic reply: "I know nothing about it, and if I did would be unable to say anything."

This is the traditional attitude of professionals and serious persons. What most astonished the intelligence services of our enemies and allies is the fact that the head of CIA not only publicly condoned the blabbing done by the NSA crowd and the others but blabbed plenty himself. Why should he have said anything at all in public except "No comment"?

4) The exposed activities pertain directly, for the most part, to clandestine (black) propaganda and "psychological warfare." There is now much talk about how such operations "corrupt democracy." Although the tone of criticism along these lines is nauseatingly self-righteous, the point cannot be wholly dismissed. Still, assuming that this mode of activity is justified in the nation's interest, what went wrong?

The fundamental flaw was political. CIA mounted most of these activities in the perspective of "the non-Communist Left." CIA estimated the NCL as a reliably anti-Communist force which in action would be, if not pro-Western and pro-American, at any rate not anti-Western and anti-American.

Testing Time

This political estimate is mistaken. The NCL is not reliable. Under the pressure of critical events the NCL loosened. A large portion—in this country as in others—swung toward an anti-American position, and nearly all the NCL softened its attitude toward Communism and the Communist nations. The NCLers who had been linked to CIA no longer felt any sufficient loyalty or moral responsibility to honor their pledges of silence.

CIA's political postulate made it impossible for CIA to build a secure psywar apparatus, even if no technical mistakes had been made. You cannot have an anti-Communist apparatus without anti-Communists.

Thus the organizational collapse is derivative from the political error. This political error is the doctrine that the global struggle against Communism must be *based* on the NCL—a doctrine fastened on CIA by Allen Dulles. Cuba, the Dominican Republic and above all Vietnam have put the NCL doctrine and practice to a decisive test. A large part of the organizations and individuals nurtured by CIA under the NCL prescription end up undermining the nation's will and hampering or sabotaging the nation's security. The Bay of Pigs bugout, Juan Bosch and his domestic admirers, the Vietnam Softs and the NSA creeps pouring their little hearts out to *Ramparts*: these are CIA's political harvest.

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Ernest van den Haag

PSYCHOANALYSIS AND FANTASY

I. The Undisputed Events

In 1938 Whittaker Chambers, after leaving the Communist underground, told Assistant Secretary of State Adolph A. Berle of Communist cells engaged in spying for the Soviet Union in the State Department and elsewhere. Nothing was done. Ten years later Chambers testified before the House Committee on Un-American Activities to the existence of these cells. The persons named refused to testify, resorting to the Fifth Amendment, except for Donald and Alger Hiss, who denied Chambers' charges. Alger was a prominent official; when Chambers repeated his accusation publicly he (but not Donald) sued for libel. Chambers presented documentary evidence. Hiss, called before a Grand Jury, denied the charges again; he was indicted, found guilty of perjury and served his sentence. (He could not be prosecuted for spying since the statute of limitations had run out.) Chambers' accusations against Hiss and others were later confirmed further, and a number of government officials were discharged and some were jailed.

Pro-Communists, ritualistic liberals, and many personal friends of Alger Hiss never forgave Chambers. They felt that their own attitude and thinking had been repudiated, that they had been found guilty of weakness, vagueness, ambiguity, gullibility or, at least, of misguided idealism. It is hard to face facts and judgments which invalidate the beliefs, ideals and well-meant endeavors of a lifetime; or to acknowledge that one has misplaced one's trust.

Meyer A. Zeligs M.D. has now written *Friendship and Fratricide: An Analysis of Whittaker Chambers and Alger Hiss*,* which offers psychological speculations and other arguments in an attempt to show Alger Hiss innocent of the charges for which he was found guilty by the courts and Whittaker Chambers guilty of lying for the sake of destroying Alger Hiss —so as to act out a vindictive fantasy.

II. Pitfalls of Absentee Analysis

All scientific theories exclude some explanations of events; their function is to narrow the range of possibilities. Having established the relevance of the known facts, a fully developed theory usually can restrict explanatory hypotheses to a few, and test these to exclude all but one. Psychoanalytic theory, as yet relatively undeveloped, still leaves a rather wide range of possibilities. With the patient before him, the analyst gets numerous clues to narrow this range: associations, fantasies, feelings, day and night dreams, actions; all exclude some otherwise justifiable explanations; the patient's reactions to the utterances of the analyst further test and sift explanatory hypotheses. Finally, the interpretation of the relationship of the patient to the analyst (transference) sheds indispensable light on pre- and extra-analytic behavior. Thus, even though the meshes of its theoretical net are still wide, with a live patient present, psychoanalysis can usually catch the genesis and function of his behavior and clinically demonstrate the correctness of the explanation.

An absent person, of course, cannot provide the cues and tests the patient on the couch continuously provides; nor does he react to interpretations, or generate new hypotheses and tests through his relationship to the analyst. Thus—quite like the "analysis" of a fictional personage such as Hamlet—the "analysis" of an absent person is, at best, a virtuoso performance, which demonstrates that an explanation of all the known facts, consistent with theoretical principles, can be given and a coherent etiology of the known behavior produced. There is no way, however, to assess the truth (as distinguished from the coherence) of the explanation. Equal-

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ly coherent alternative hypotheses consistent with the same theoretical principles may explain the same facts; there is no way of testing, or of producing reactive materials.

This difficulty is compounded because, usually, enough facts about absentees are not independently and unequivocally known. Often a choice among several sets of conflicting biographical "facts" has to be made. But psychoanalysis, though sometimes useful, is not sufficient for such a choice; and psychoanalytic training does not equip anyone to make it. If, however, the attribution of behavior—the choice—is itself based on psychoanalytic principles rather than on independent evidence, these principles no longer can explain the behavior. The behavior ceases to be an independent variable to be analyzed; instead it becomes an illustration or explication of the psychoanalytic principles from which it is now derived. (For reasons I must forego explaining fully here, this difficulty plays no role in treatment: the analyst as therapist is not interested in *historical* truth, or moral or legal judgments based thereon. Further, in treatment, independent confirmatory evidence usually is produced.)

Except for this last difficulty, psychoanalytic diagnosis *in absentia* is similar to physical diagnosis of an unseen patient about whom some facts are known but who does not answer questions, and is not available for laboratory tests. Physical diagnosis is perhaps a little easier: physical symptoms usually depend less on total individual life experience than psychological ones, and more often have just one possible source. Yet the diagnosis of physical illness *in absentia* is inadvisable. Psychological diagnosis of absentees (without psychological testing) is at best a bold conjecture.

Freud engaged in such heady speculations nevertheless; however, he avowed candidly that they were nothing more. His work on Leonardo, Moses et al. displays the imagination of a genius defying the paucity and unreliability of data. He opened original and stimulating perspectives on the personalities explored and, more important, on human character in general; above all, on psychoanalysis as a method of scrutinizing it. The illustrative and, sometimes, paradigmatic value of these explorations remains, even if they should turn out not to describe the actual historical characters which prompted them.

Freud's speculations were imitated by followers who lacked his genius, and, in Dr. Zeligs' case, his modesty and honesty of purpose. For Dr. Zeligs has used psychoanalytic clichés to rationalize an unswerving and obsessive bias—repeatedly denied, but all the more obvious—which leads him to declare Hiss innocent and Chambers a false witness, to overrule the judgment of the courts, and to ignore the evidence since produced. In attempting to function as a judge disguised as a psychoanalyst, Dr. Zeligs proves himself unfit for either office. It is instructive to see how he accomplishes this.

III. Dr. Zeligs as Reporter

1) Dr. Zeligs claims that Hiss was a Communist only in Chambers' pathological fantasy. Yet Hiss was identified as a fellow Communist not only by Chambers and his wife, but also by two fellow Party members: Hede Massing and Nathaniel Weyl. Somehow, in his six years of research, Dr. Zeligs never came upon this widely publicized fact. Yet this fact alone makes it hard to explain Hiss as "a victim of Chambers' fantasies." Of course if Hiss was guilty as charged (and confirmed by witnesses other than Chambers, and by circumstantial evidence beyond a reasonable doubt), then Chambers becomes a victim of Dr. Zeligs' fantasies.

2) William L. Marbury, counsel to Hiss in the original libel suit and one of his oldest friends, broke with him when Chambers presented proof of his client's lying. Dr. Zeligs explains that "Marbury . . . felt Hiss to be innocent of Chambers' charges" but felt that Hiss had not told him "the whole truth." Marbury, however, denies having given Dr. Zeligs grounds for stating that he "felt Hiss to be innocent" (*New York Times Book Review* Feb. 5, 1967, p. 41).

Psychologically, Dr. Zeligs' misrepresentation is called projection, and is characteristic of persons who do not discriminate much between fantasy and reality; nonetheless, morally it is called dishonesty.

3) Dr. Zeligs creates the impression that Professor Herbert Packer who is said to "ponder over [*sic*] the probability and motives of forgery by typewriter" believes in such a forgery. Dr. Zeligs writes: "If this [forgery by typewriter] was the case as Packer suggests . . ." Actually, Professor Packer in the passage quoted by Dr. Zeligs merely depicted—but did not accept—a possible defense contention. Dr. Zeligs does not indicate this. Professor Packer rejects any theory of forgery by typewriter as a baseless "wild tale." Dr. Zeligs, who quotes from Professor Packer's essay, must have known this.

On the evidence—of which I can present but a small sample—Dr. Zeligs is about as unreliable a reporter as he claims Whittaker Chambers was. Whether his misrepresentations indicate pathological fantasies and are unconscious, or are consciously calculated to deceive, I cannot say without analyzing Dr. Zeligs.

IV. Evidence and Evaluation

Outright misrepresentations by omission or commission are frequent in Dr. Zeligs' book; but misunderstanding and misevaluation of evidence occur on every page—only a very small proportion can be presented here. (By now readers can guess the burden of these misinterpretations.)

Dr. Zeligs quotes from a letter (undated) addressed to him in which an anonymous "former fellow worker" claims that thirty years ago at a convention in Chicago, Chambers performed fellatio on him while he, "the fellow worker," was asleep. Dr. Zeligs on this basis—on this basis alone—writes that Chambers committed "at least one overt homosexual act."

Now, suppose a "former fellow worker" were to write a letter claiming that thirty years ago, in Chicago, he woke up one night to find Dr. Zeligs performing fellatio on him. Would Dr. Zeligs regard such a letter as conclusive evidence for what it asserts? In Chambers' case he accepts as evidence for the assertion—the assertion. There is no inquiry to corroborate even that Chambers attended the convention, or was in Chicago; or to find out why the letter writer did not contact the Hiss defense—which, God knows, tried hard to find

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indications of homosexuality on Chambers' part. Dr. Zeligs shows no interest in the motives of the letter writer (though elsewhere he points out that many people hated Chambers), in his personal or ideological background, or in his credibility. To be sure, a psychoanalyst is not a lawyer or detective; but then, why play incompetently at being one?

Most psychoanalysts—even laymen—might suspect that a man who claims that another performed fellatio on him while he was sleeping, and tells about it thirty years later, was dreaming. But Dr. Zeligs is not suspicious—except of Chambers.

Perhaps the "fellow worker" is clothed in anonymity because Dr. Zeligs knows him to be as much of a Communist now as he was when a delegate to "the convention of the John Reed Clubs held in Chicago that winter" (incidentally, the convention took place in May). But let that go. Consider the following:

(a) If Chambers behaved as the "fellow worker" claimed he did, it is unlikely that no other instance of homosexual activity could be found. Yet not even another accusation is mentioned by Dr. Zeligs.

(b) Chambers greatly treasured his Communist status at the time. It seems most unlikely that—even if he had been inclined to homosexual acts—he would have risked his status by assaulting a sleeping fellow delegate. He could hardly expect that this delegate would keep quiet for thirty years. And Chambers knew that

(c) The Communist Party would not have actual or even apparent homosexuals in any important position. Dr. Zeligs, who interviewed admitted Communist leaders about Chambers (and unhesitatingly accepted whatever they told him), might have asked about this well-known party policy. He managed to restrain himself.

Dr. Zeligs' acceptance of the letter as proof of Chambers' homosexuality is best explained by its meeting a fantasy that Dr. Zeligs projects on Chambers. Of course, this is mere speculation. Dr. Zeligs' deception (or self-deception) is not.

V. Logic, Language, and Fact

Let me note some genuine misunderstandings. Chambers writes in *Witness* that he relaxed caution and allowed Hiss to visit him in his Baltimore hideout to "rescue Hiss from his underground isolation." Dr. Zeligs suggests the untruth of this passage by declaring himself "impressed with the fullness rather than the loneliness [*sic*] of Hiss' life"; he spends a page proving that Hiss was busy socially and professionally—as though this were inconsistent with "underground isolation," i.e., isolation from fellow Communists.

This passage (and many others) is best explained by Dr. Zeligs' failure to master the English language. Grammatical errors abound (I have no idea how many were corrected by editors and copy readers who finally must have given up). Thus: "data assumes" or "the official record reveals no hint [*sic*]" that "the committee, in their enthusiastic alliance with Chambers' story [*sic*], was [*sic*] so convinced that Hiss was a master spy that they [*sic*] felt the need to use such devices." (Incidentally, the logic is as good as the grammar. The committee's horrendous "device" was to ask Hiss *casually* about a "prothonotary warbler," without informing him that Chambers had testified that Hiss had told him about such a bird, and that the answer would help indicate whether Chambers knew Hiss, as claimed.)

By extrapolation I estimate that there are 300-500 outright grammatical errors in the book. As for syntax and style, this instance picked at random is average, i.e., the kind of sentence Dr. Zeligs normally writes: "Hiss enshrouded himself with suspicion which . . . has persisted . . . and hardened his image in the mold of history." It would be nice if there were evidence that Dr. Zeligs is better acquainted with psychoanalysis than with the English language. I haven't found any.

The linguistic inaccuracies easily blend with factual ones to support incredibly biased, yet picayune, moral judgments which mock Dr Zeligs' "analytical neutrality" literally from beginning to end.

In the preface "Chambers' silence stands in ironic contrast to the cooperation of Hiss." I can discover no clear meaning of "ironic" here and guess from the context that Dr. Zeligs means "unfavorable." But why? Hiss could hope for attempted vindication. Chambers had nothing to gain from Dr. Zeligs. (Both were entirely right, as it turned out.) Chambers, moreover, could easily guess Dr. Zeligs' attitude, for the latter himself describes the "encouragement and moral support" he received from Dr. Carl Binger, who appeared as a witness to discredit Chambers in the trial.

Dr. Zeligs himself dilates on his finding it "difficult to understand how the reliability . . . of Chambers could have been accepted . . . once his clinical picture had been portrayed [*sic*]." And who did the portraying?—Why, Dr. Binger, of course. He covered himself with ridicule on this occasion, and Dr. Zeligs is uncharitable enough to so re-cover him by quoting from his dialogue with the prosecutor. Dr. Binger insisted that Chambers, having run away from home at seventeen, and worked as a laborer for a few months under the name of Charles Adams (to avoid being traced), had thereby given evidence of "pathological lying" for (I cannot forego quoting): "I think that taking on a role that you wish to assume [i.e., using a pseudonym] is evidence of pathological lying." By discounting this "evidence" and accepting Chambers' testimony the jury certainly displayed more sanity than Drs. Binger and Zeligs combined.

VI. Birth, Death and 'Grim Fantasies'

Dr. Zeligs persecutes Chambers relentlessly—literally from the cradle to the grave. In *Witness* Chambers tells how his birth, during a blizzard, endangered his mother's life, because of his size. Dr. Zeligs solemnly has obstetricians certify that the claimed size is unlikely; he has the Weather Bureau certify that "on April 1, 1901 . . . no precipitation occurred." It follows, doesn't it, that Chambers was *born* a liar. His "grim fantasy" about his birth "poses a clear problem" for Dr. Zeligs: can such a baby be believed? The author reluctantly concedes that neonates rarely measure themselves or recall the weather outside. But "it does not matter whether the birth fantasy originated with Chambers or his mother"—as long as it can be used against him.

Chambers died of a heart failure while his wife had fallen asleep at

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his bedside. Reporters were informed only after cremation—the family, understandably enough, wanted privacy. Dr. Zeligs is dissatisfied with the manner of Chambers' death: "Certainly the clandestine [*sic*] nature of the event [Chambers' death] was contrary to the public interest." Certainly. How inconsiderate of Chambers to die without reporters in attendance, and not to leave instructions for an autopsy but instead to specify "the secret terms of his cremation." How dare he die privately —without even inviting Dr. Zeligs to the funeral!

"It is apparent at once" to Dr. Zeligs that this "mystery" is part of a "suicide plan" which had to be "secret" for it "would have been tantamount to an admission of his guilt."

Need I reiterate that Dr. Zeligs confuses his wishful "grim fantasies" with evidence and reality? Let me submit a little fantasy of my own. Suppose Alger Hiss died unattended, even without a history of heart failure, and were cremated without reporters present. Would Dr. Zeligs postulate a "suicide plan"? If suicide were proved, would he postulate that it is "tantamount to an admission of his guilt"? My fantasy—sorry, my "careful analytical neutrality"—tells me that Dr. Zeligs would find that innocent Hiss had been hounded to death by pathological Chambers. Should Hiss leave a letter confessing his guilt, Dr. Zeligs doubtlessly would find clinical evidence proving that Chambers' ghost forged the letter and planted it with the help of the FBI. "Analytical neutrality" can work wonders—at least for Dr. Zeligs.

VII. 'Analytical Neutrality' and 'Sociopathic Behavior'

When Chambers writes his book *Witness* and tries to get it published fast, to Dr. Zeligs this becomes—for no other reason—a "compulsive effort." When Chambers, after his brother's suicide, moves an empty whisky bottle out of their mother's sight, the "outwardly pious gesture" becomes "evidence of his disingenuousness." (Dr. Zeligs doesn't bother to tell why.) When Chambers destroys old drafts of manuscripts, Dr. Zeligs asks: "Was [it] his true confession . . . impeaching *Witness*?" It does not occur to the Doctor that Chambers might have been self-critical and dissatisfied with some of his work. Dr. Zeligs' book certainly testifies that *he* is not easily dissatisfied with his work or critical of his own language or reasoning. No wonder he finds it hard to see how so much better a writer could be. (One might call this a form of negative projection—probably genuine. If I gave myself Dr. Zeligs' speculative license, I'd mutter about his unconscious envy of Chambers' writing ability as motive for obsessive persecution.)

Before he married Esther Shemitz, Chambers for about two years lived openly in his mother's house with Ida Dales—without benefit of marriage. She became pregnant but miscarried, and they separated thereafter. To me this indicates (1) that Chambers was young, (2) that he was not promiscuous, (3) that he lived up to his responsibilities. To the author it is "this piece [*sic*] of sociopathic behavior." (Oh, to live in San Francisco, where innocence survives!) Dr. Zeligs is entitled, as we all are, to moral condemnation of pre-marital relations or of their dissolution (he doesn't tell which is "sociopathic"). He is not entitled however, to pretend that his moral views are clinical findings of "sociopathic behavior" or to vest them with "careful analytical neutrality."

"Sociopathic" Chambers was married to his wife Esther for thirty years thereafter, until his death, although, according to Dr. Zeligs, he lacked "the capacity to feel, suffer, or love any human object." Dr. Zeligs, who never met Chambers, knows. His friends, his wife, his children think differently. They lack "analytical neutrality." (Healthy Hiss' healthy wife got healthily tired of him and separated. What does that show? Why, "analytical neutrality," of course.)

VIII. The Psychoanalyst as Detective

What relevance do typewriters and other pieces of non-psychological evidence have to Dr. Zeligs' self-set task of utilizing his psychiatric training to trace the motivations and personalities of Chambers and Hiss? Typewriters cannot be psychoanalyzed; and psychoanalysts are not trained to analyze evidence except psychoanalytically. The typewriter, then, is irrelevant to any personality study, i.e., to Dr. Zeligs' pretended task of analysis. It is relevant only to Hiss' guilt —therefore to Dr. Zeligs' actual, though unacknowledged, task of proving Hiss innocent.

Professor Packer, so deceptively quoted by Dr. Zeligs, shows conclusively that, even if Chambers had forged the typewriter, he could have done so only if he had seen Hiss at a time and in a manner denied by Hiss under oath. Thus, the typewriter, forged or not forged, proves Hiss' guilt though Dr. Zeligs does not realize (or admit) this.

One thing is to speculate: this document (or typewriter) may be forged—a possibility; another thing is to show it to be probable (how could Chambers have induced anyone—even the Party apparatus—to do the forging? Why should the Party want to?); a third thing is to show that the typewriter actually was forged (e.g., to find the real one; or somebody who knew about it; or somebody who built the false one; or helped, or witnessed, or provided material). But the distinction between possibility and probability, and between these and actuality, escapes Dr. Zeligs, as does the distinction between evidence and fantasy. I do not see how such confusion qualifies him as a psychiatrist; it certainly disqualifies him as a witness, reporter, detective or judge.

Outside the movies, psychoanalysts do not act as detectives. Psychoanalysis helps us understand why the patient acted as he did. It does not tell what action he performed. It tells about intentions, guilt feelings, motives for, meanings of, desires for, fears of, actions—but not about what actions did occur. Hence, analysis is seldom useful and never sufficient to ascertain disputed facts. At most it explains why the suspect might have wanted to do something, never whether he did it. If a man had killed his father, analysis might help us understand why. But no analyst—other than Dr. Zeligs—would conclude from psychological evidence of motives, or of guilt-feelings (e.g., an unresolved Oedipus complex) that an accused man actually did kill his father. Yet Dr. Zeligs, throughout his book, seems sure that by explaining possible mo-

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Letter from Brazil

The Quiet Revolution

JOHN W. F. DULLES

When Marshal Humberto Castelo Branco leaves the Presidency of Brazil on March 15, 1967, he will be terminating the most unusual regime in that country's turbulent history. In April 1964 the tough-minded marshal assumed the Presidency after a brief, bloodless revolution against wealthy leftist cattle-raiser "Jango" Goulart. Goulart's unfinished term had been characterized by Communist infiltration of the government, the army and the universities, chaotic misadministration, corruption and runaway inflation. The people of Brazil rose against Goulart and Castelo Branco took over.

His was to be an interim regime, to hold things together until the Presidential elections of 1965. But Castelo Branco called off the elections, shoved aside ambitious political figures and instituted a profound series of economic reforms that may have changed the shape of Brazil's future for the better. Neither the clamor about political restrictions nor the waves of criticism that Castelo Branco's austerity and reform programs provoked were allowed to stop the work of the President's administrative team. These officials were picked for ability; they enjoyed their chief's full protection and confidence, and they concentrated on doing what the regime felt was needed for a better future.

The steps taken to put the economy on a sound basis in less than three years must be understood if any informed judgment is to be handed down on the accomplishments of Humberto Castelo Branco and his associates. Features of their program are:

1) *Discouraging the production of excess coffee.* Brazilian coffee growers have always been strong politically, and the result has been that past governments have paid for unmarketable coffee which had to be stored or destroyed. To bring an end to this, the Brazilian authorities in 1966 set the government's coffee price at such a low level that it brought about a 40 per cent drop in the real income of Brazilian coffee producers. Bonuses were paid for the uprooting of coffee plants and the planting of alternative crops, with the result that in 1966, 400 million coffee trees, about 11 per cent of the total, were uprooted.

2) *Income tax collections.* New legislation has been partially responsible for a rise in income tax collections from $250 million (550 billion cruzeiros) in 1963 to $900 million (2,000 billion cruzeiros) in 1966. Penalties for evasion are drastic. The authorities are empowered by law to imprison recalcitrants, but so far all those indicted have chosen to pay. In 1966 those reporting an income (after deductions) of more than $22,500 (50 million cruzeiros) had to pay 55 per cent, the top bracket rate.

3) *Reviving the Brazilian Northeast and North.* Of the 2,000 billion cruzeiros payable as income taxes in 1966, the government in fact turned back 400 billion ($182 million) to taxpayers under a scheme that reduces income tax payments for those who invest in approved projects in the Northeast and the North.

New Business Opportunities

It took a little time after the revolution of 1964 for supersalesman João Goncalves de Souza, the technician who took over *SUDENE* (Superintendency of the Development of the Northeast), to instill among that organization's 1,200 technicians their present enthusiasm for private enterprise. Brazil's Northeast, comprising 15 per cent of its land area and over 30 per cent of its population, has always been an economically depressed area. But Goncalves de Souza was able to persuade the South to stop feeling sorry for the Northeast and to start looking at it as an area where money could be made. Income tax concessions were written into law.

In 1965, southern capitalists, some of them unfamiliar with the Northeast, flocked to Fortaleza, Ceará, for a four-day conference sponsored by the National Confederation of Industrialists. Projects were discussed, along with the region's natural resources and relatively low labor costs. By 1966 the tax deduction arrangements had created a boom in the area. *SUDENE* was approving new private projects, among them plans for a Willys Overland plant, at the rate of one per day.

SUDENE's three-year (1966-1968) budget totals $1.7 billion (3,800 billion cruzeiros), including funds from private and public sources, national and international. The money is being spent on communications, power, water, education, natural resource studies, agriculture and industry.

The success of *SUDENE* has encouraged the government to apply similar methods for developing the vast northern, or Amazon, region, which extends over 59 per cent of Brazil's land area and includes 6 per cent of its people. *SUDMA* (Superintendency of the Development of Amazônia) and the Bank of Amazônia were created. Three hundred southern industrialists and landowners, many with tax deduction money in the new Bank of Amazônia, spent a week in December 1966 at Manaus, Amazonas, exploring the river and discussing a host of ideas with governors and federal technicians.

4) *Agrarian reform* is to be carried out by two new organizations: *INDA* (National Institute for Agrarian Development) and *IBRA* (Brazilian Institute for Agrarian Reform). The former will use persuasion and education to improve rural conditions, while the latter is empowered to expropriate land. Although marked by caution, the whole program has, needless to say, irritated many landowners.

The first step was a complete census, including evaluations and descriptions, of the four million individual rural holdings in Brazil. The evaluations will be useful in case of expropriations, and the descriptions will help determine the rural land taxes. These land taxes form the heart of the program. They will reach their full rate at the end of five years and are based on the size and location of each property and the use being made of it. Where little or no use is made of large usable tracts, the taxes force the owners to improve their practices or accept payments for parcels which

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will be made available on easy terms to landless farmers or those who want to expand their holdings. The large-scale farmer who has all his land in production will not be troubled, provided he cooperates with *INDA*'s plans for creating model municipalities.

IBRA is concentrating on bolstering the ownership structure in four relatively small areas. Where expropriations are necessary, as in the case of a sugar mill in the Northeast, prices are paid which satisfy the former owner. In line with the government's policy, bonds (adjustable to living cost indexes) are paid for the land, and cash for the improvements.

5) *The National Housing Bank,* created by the Castelo Branco administration in 1964, has received $20 million from the Inter-American Development Bank and has been highly praised by international experts. In recent years companies have had to pay 1.2 per cent of their payrolls to the Bank. Hereafter the Bank will handle, as trustee, a huge fund which will include workers' retirement accounts and will amount to 8 per cent of all payrolls. Each worker will be able to draw on his individual account in order to make a down payment on a house. By the end of 1966 the Bank was constructing 100,000 low-cost housing units in 200 municipalities all over Brazil. This figure is to be doubled in 1967 and compares with a total of 128,000 such units constructed by all Brazilian governments between 1938 and 1964.

6) *Banking Reform.* The banking reform of 1964 resulted in the establishment of the long-proposed Central Bank of the Republic of Brazil. More significantly, the reform created the National Monetary Council, whose eleven members—representing both public and private financial sectors—determine and execute a comprehensive national financial policy. The council is made up of the four Central Bank directors, three cabinet ministers, the presidents of the Bank of Brazil and the Economic Development Bank, plus two outstanding economists connected with private banking. They are in a position to implement the credit policy which they establish.

7) *Combatting inflation.* The inflation prevailing in the last months of Goulart's regime was at a rate well above 100 per cent a year, caused largely by handsome wage increases, huge budget deficits and the enormous losses suffered by some of the government-owned companies. Under Castelo Branco all Brazilians have been forced to sacrifice in order to reduce the rate of inflation; the workers have been particularly hard hit. New labor legislation does not allow strikes for higher wages. Late last year São Paulo's enormous metallurgical workers' union had to be content with a wage increase of 30 per cent in the face of a cost-of-living increase of more than 40 per cent during the previous twelve months.

By then the government's own books were showing a surplus of 1,200 billion cruzeiros ($545 million) for the year. But the need to subsidize government-owned companies, particularly the Federal Railway Network, had transformed this surplus into a deficit of about 400 billion cruzeiros ($180 million).

8) *Federal Railway Network.* On a dollar basis the deficits of the federal railways have been reduced; last year Castelo Branco was able to forecast that the "real deficit" of the network would be half what it had been in 1963. Railway expenditures, about 340 per cent of receipts in 1963, sank to about 200 per cent in 1966.

Trimming the Fat

To cut expenses Castelo Branco had been forced to eliminate some extra wage payments, dismiss employees, and close down several unprofitable branches. Rates were increased while the number of employees was reduced from 154,000 in December 1963 to about 141,000 in December 1966. At the same time transportation was improved by wise expenditures.

9) *The Merchant Marine* (Lloyd Brasileiro) provides a more dramatic example of financial improvement. Early in 1964 Castelo Branco put technicians in place of the Goulart politicians who had left Lloyd in a state of virtual bankruptcy. In the mountain of unpaid bills was $6 million owed abroad. Exasperated foreign creditors were threatening to seize units of Lloyd's dilapidated fleet. Twelve of the company's twenty principal ships were laid up.

Discipline has since been restored, debts paid off, the fleet greatly improved and the deficits much reduced. Lloyd's shipping activities are now being merged with those of the government's coastal shipping company. The government plans to sell 49 per cent of the shares of the new company.

10) *Transportation. GEIPOT,* the Executive Group for Integrating Transportation Policy, was started late in 1965 and is now engaged in what has been described as the most ambitious transportation survey in the history of the world. In one year, under the supervision of three ministries and the Armed Forces, and with guidance from the World Bank, 83 Brazilian and 63 foreign technicians (U.S., Danish, French and Dutch) completed the first of two phases which are to determine the long-term program for roads, coastal navigation, ports and railways. The foreign currency cost of the first phase of the survey was $3 million. Half of this amount was provided by a grant from the World Bank, and half by Brazil. Four eminent foreign consulting firms, including Coverdale & Colpitts, have participated, despite Brazilian nationalists' objection to the use by the Castelo Branco administration of numerous foreign technicians in various fields.

Across the board, the Castelo Branco administration has instituted radical reforms. The host of changes, undreamed of when Castelo Branco took the oath of office, should make it possible for incoming President Costa e Silva to serve a term characterized by peaceful development.

The international spotlight during the Castelo Branco administration was focused on the political situation, particularly the revised political structure of the nation, and the new Brazilian constitution. But in the long run these may prove to have been of secondary importance. Castelo Branco's real revolution and his place in history could well depend on the Housing Bank, the tax reform, the banking reform, the agrarian reform or the coffee policy; to his steps to improve the Northeast, the North, and the government-owned companies, and to integrate transportation policy. Steps such as these, before long, should help bring conditions of prosperity which the Brazilian people much deserve and need.

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The LSD Syndrome

PRINCIPLES & HERESIES

Frank S. Meyer

THE SPREADING CULT of LSD seems to me to have significance rather deeper than simply as a further extension of the growth of the use of narcotics. LSD, unlike the morphine-derived "hard drugs," is largely being used by an educated, often intellectual and *avant-garde* sector of the population. So far as one can determine from reading the burgeoning literature on the subject, the central characteristic of the LSD experience is a destruction of intellectual discrimination, the creation of an unordered sea of kaleidoscopic impressions. What is destroyed when under the influence of the drug—and what those who take it seek to destroy—is the intellectual ordering of experience, which is the fruit of millennia of civilization. The consciousness retreats to the state anthropologists and psychologists attribute to primitive man—or even further, to that undifferentiated sea of images posited of the new-born infant.

Meyer

But the hard-earned achievement of civilization—most specifically of the highest forms of civilization, the Classical and the Western—is the differentiation and ranging of the elements of experience in their essences, together with a controlled and objective consideration of their interrelations. It is true that this can be carried to an extreme, where thought is abstracted from life, as in the farther reaches of eighteenth-century rationalism or in some of the fearful ideologies which have devastated the twentieth century.

It was in reaction to this degree of arid abstraction that the existentialist philosophers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries developed their mode of thought, and in doing so supplied a much-needed corrective; but even the best of them tended to throw out the baby with the bath water, to go beyond their critique of abstract and desiccated thought and attack the foundations of the conceptual discipline which holds Western civilization together. If this was a tendency among the philosophers (and what has been said of existentialism might with equal force be said of the various forms of positivism, pragmatism, instrumentalism, in their anti-civilizational effects), it became, as it affected the main stream of Western intellectual consciousness, a pervasive agent of corrosion.

I do not want to give philosophers more than their due (although the practical effects of their thought are far greater than we currently tend to allow). When a mode of consciousness begins to pervade a society, it comes from many sources at once; nevertheless, distorted philosophical activity has played a major role in this epoch, by tearing down the defenses of civilization and by giving shape and license to what is occurring.

THE LSD CULT is only a symptom, a far-out episode in the broader retreat from civilization. Yet it is symbolic of an entire intellectual movement. And its slogan is an apt slogan for that movement: "Turn on, tune in, drop out." Turn on the attack on civilizational restraints, tune in on the animal and instinctual, drop out of civilized society. It epitomizes the rejection of structure, differentiation, order.

In small things, as in large, this syndrome manifests itself throughout our culture. One can pick at random: the jellyfish sloppiness of mind and body which characterizes the *avant-garde* youth; the permissive disdain for the genius of the English language that takes expression in contemporary linguistics or in the Third Merriam-Webster; the radically amoral stance of our courts. The catalogue could be continued indefinitely. It may be more illuminating, however, to attempt to fill in the outlines of the syndrome I have described by considering briefly three writers presently exerting predominant influence on the intellectual world. Norman O. Brown, Marshall McLuhan, Leslie Dewart—each of these men represents a different aspect of the dissolution of the structured forms of civilized thought and life.

BROWN is the most straightforward; his *Life Against Death,* which has had a continuing profound effect in literary and scholarly circles for almost a decade, is an attack across the board on all restraints, moral, customary, psychological, which stand in any way opposed to the unbridled reign of the instincts. His thesis simply stated may sound absurd, but it is backed up with resources of erudition and a power somewhat akin to Nietzsche's: relieve us of the burdens of civilization, release the instincts, particularly "polymorphous sexuality," and man will be rescued from all his agony. It is a formula for a return not merely to the primitive, but beyond and below it, to elementary forms of animal life.

McLuhan's attack is more sharply directed. His enemy is the word—in all its connotations. It is the word, the essence of language and the bearer of thought, upon which civilization is built, which carries from generation to generation knowledge and tradition. McLuhan would deny meaning to all this. The content is nothing. Everything dissolves into the momentary mode of presentation: yesterday, the printing press; today, television. Nothing remains but the flashing image—PR raised to a philosophy and a theology.

Dewart, a Catholic, can stand for an entire school, Protestant and Catholic alike. God and our understanding of God is his target. He would divest Christianity of its entire Hellenic heritage, i.e., of its intellectual structure, and thereby divest God of his Personhood, leaving only a whirling Scotch mist.

For these three, as for the intellectual trend they represent, the dissolution of distinction, form and structure (analogue of the LSD experience) is the goal. Its achievement would constitute a surer assault upon civilization than the Hun or Goth before the gates of Rome.

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Escaping in Midwinter

ALEC WAUGH

The other day in "The Secret Storm," the soap opera to which I am addicted, one of the heroines was "discovered" surrounded with travel folders. "This is the time," she told her husband, "when I begin to feel that I can't get through the winter." How well we all know that feeling. At my first boarding school I dreaded the Lent term. It was the chilblain term. (Does anybody get chilblains nowadays?) The fields were too sodden for football, or too frozen. My headmaster called it "the odd-job term." Which meant that we performed about the grounds such menial tasks as uprooting brambles, sweeping dead leaves, transporting firewood, carrying new-cut turves—which were rolled over like pancakes with the earthside outwards, and which one was not allowed to rest against one's jersey—a difficult task for someone with a paunch. Oh, to be out of England, then!

As long as I have been my own master, I have started as soon as Christmas was past, to plan a mid-Lent escape. This year, for the first time since I was released from the army in 1945, this is impossible. I am writer in residence at Central State College, Edmond, Oklahoma, in dutiful attendance on my students. And as the southwest wind sweeps across the campus (there does not seem to be anything to stop the wind in Oklahoma) I brood on other winters, under other skies.

It was folders of the Caribbean that Valerie of "The Secret Storm" was studying; thither is the obvious escape. Those high, green islands lie so close to the Eastern Seaboard and the Middle West—only a few hours' flight—and the climate is at its best. There is no danger of hurricanes; the rains are no more than intermittent, for it must be remembered that in many of the islands—except in summer—the rainless is as rare as the sunless day. Thirty-five years ago I would have said without hesitation, "In winter the Caribbean every time." I am not so sure today.

The vast Pan-American network and the midgets of the BWIA (British West Indian Airways) that dart like swallows between the smaller islands, have made travel so easy that they have made tourism difficult. During the season, until April 15, hotels are crowded; you cannot change your plans to suit a last-minute whim; prices are astronomical; hotel and restaurant staffs are overworked and cannot give you their full attention; while the residents of the islands, normally the most hospitable folk, are so pestered by letters of introduction that they have not the energy and leisure to welcome any but time-tried friends. On my last trip south, I vowed that I would not again go down there before May, when the weather is just as good, and the bars and beaches are not crowded.

I feel very much the same about Hawaii. I have been there only once,

in February. The climate was delightful, the islands beautiful. I had friends there and made new ones. I thoroughly enjoyed myself, but I could not help feeling that I would have had a better time in May.

It is not, we have to face it, too easy to find the right place to "get away to" this time of year. For the young and the athletic there are the white slopes of snow. But I did not, alas, learn to ski when I was young. We have no real snow in England and I wanted to spend my holidays on summered cricket fields. For those like myself who are mainly concerned with getting away from northern blizzards the choice is difficult. Difficult, I think, because we expect too much. We say to ourselves, like Valerie, "I've had as much as I can take," and when at considerable expense and some inconvenience, we have arranged a winter holiday, we feel cheated when palm trees are uprooted in Miami and heavy seas sweep the *Promenade des anglais*. One expects some rain in an Eastern Seaboard resort in August, but illogically one demands unbroken sunlight in January when one has fled south in search of it.

Indeed, looking back over the last twenty years when I have striven to avoid the worst rigors of the English and North American winters, I am not sure that the best was not the one from which I had climate-wise expected least and which I spent in the unlikeliest of outposts—Copenhagen. I had gone there because someone dear to me had been awarded a Guggenheim to research into the Danish ancestry of certain Mormon families. It seemed to me a good opportunity of seeing more of her than the conditions of our separate lives made feasible in the U.S.A.

When the British ambassador asked me what I was doing there at such an unusual time, I, not wishing to give him my real reason, said that I was planning to write a book called *Out of Season*, telling what certain popular resorts are like out of the season. His Excellency eyed me quizzically. "I hope you will make it clear," he said, "that though this is not the tourist season, it is the Copenhagen season for the Danes themselves."

I was to find out what he meant. The opera and the ballet were open. The Royal Family was in residence. The Danes who spend the summer in their country cottages were busily entertaining one another in their town halls and houses. Party followed party. For four months I did not see the sun. The day started late and ended early. Dusk had fallen before I had finished lunch. It was bitterly cold in the streets. But the houses with their double windows were comfortably warm. Few cities have better restaurants and the candle-lit, flag-decked tables were never crowded.

The Danes are a lighthearted people. Ordinarily, I usually find myself losing my temper, mildly, every third day or so; someone pushes past

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Why Not Abolish the Draft?

The author, a 'moderate' Republican, believes both wings of the party should campaign to abolish the draft—on libertarian *and* on economic grounds

BRUCE K. CHAPMAN

Once upon a time conscription was anathema to Americans. Many of our immigrant forebears escaped Europe primarily to escape the draft. When, in the Civil War and World Wars I and II, Congress did adopt conscription, the action was taken as a last and temporary resort.

Times, of course, change and cold war exigencies that preclude reducing the size of our military have been assumed also to preclude dismantling the draft. Over the fifteen years since passage of the Universal Military Service and Training Act, the Selective Service System has taken on such trappings of permanency that its 73-year-old Director, Lt. General Lewis B. Hershey, views proposals to abolish it as blatantly un-American. A career Army man all his adult life, General Hershey asserts that volunteers who would serve in an all-professional military would be "mercenaries."

On the left, the povertarians—who made such a large and unfounded row a year ago over alleged disproportionate drafting of the poor—are now lining up behind either a lottery or a "national service." A lottery, which the Administration now favors, would replace the occasionally unfair local draft board system with one of computerized caprice, which, after all, would be tidier. If, as a result, the young student of nuclear science and father of three was chosen to serve by the lottery and the single, unemployed athlete was freed of his obligation thereby, well, presumably things would work out the other way around too, sometimes.

A national service, on the other hand, the fondest utopia of the povertarians, would replace the anxiety of joining the military or taking a chance on the draft with the certain knowledge that if you didn't "volunteer" for the military or VISTA or highway beautification or hospital assistance or, yes, the Job Corps (or one of many, many other programs yet to surface), you would be drafted. Pick your war: Vietnam or Poverty.

Ironically, the present draft debate occurs at a time when the original rationale for conscription is more vulnerable than ever before. While our military has remained at a strength of some 2.7 to 3.2 million men, the "universal" feature of the "Universal Military Service and Training Act" has become a mockery. Dr. Walter Oi, a University of Washington economist who recently worked on draft manpower studies in the Pentagon, notes that with deferments and a physical and mental rejection rate at the induction centers kept purposely high, less than one-half of the current draft age men will ever see service, and that within a decade the figure will be down to 33 per cent. The reason is the famous baby boom. While 1.1 million men became of draft age in 1957, some 1.8 million are turning draft age this year, and by 1975 the yearly figure will be 2.1 million.

The Cost of Volunteers

Such figures are responsible for the relatively low draft calls (averaging 15,000 monthly this spring) despite the manpower demands of Vietnam. The figures suggest that no draft at all may be necessary, that if America will set the goal of an all-volunteer military and work toward it through a transitional draft that improves incentives for volunteering, conscription could be abolished as a practical necessity within two to four years. Dr. Oi's study, presented to the National Conference on the Draft at the University of Chicago last December, predicted the cost to the military budget of replacing the draft would be $4.05 billion a year, while the savings to the civilian economy through more efficient use of manpower (there would be a much lower turnover of personnel in an all-volunteer military) would be $5 billion a year.

The Oi projection is based largely on Pentagon surveys, some of which the Administration has not made public. These surveys show that 70 per cent of present volunteers would also volunteer if the draft were abolished. The other 30 per cent are "reluctant volunteers," and it is largely their rapid turnover that necessitates a draft. With about 100,000 more career volunteers a year the volunteer military would be achieved. Oi's figures are calculated on the influence salary increases alone would provide in acquiring the additional 100,000 or so men and also maintain equity for the rest.

However, volunteering could be stimulated also by enlistment bonuses, improvements in the Spartan drabness of military housing, and larger dependency allowances. Another incentive would be purely psychological: the removal of the image of compulsion and servitude which the uniform, as Ronald Reagan recently noted, has come to connote.

Working from the other direction, the total number of volunteers needed could be cut by hiring more civilians to fill the 85 per cent of military positions that are non-combatant in nature and by lowering, as the Administration has begun to do, the unnecessarily high mental and physical qualification standards for induction.

Officially Pentagon projections of the cost of a volunteer military establishment range from $6 billion to $17 billion, while Secretary McNamara's own projections have ranged from $4 to $20 billion. The published Pentagon information on the draft will support the lower figures, but how the upper ones were arrived at is a mystery known only to some gouty computer. At $17 billion every person in the military could have a $6,300 a year pay *raise*. In short, the upper

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limit estimates are there to scare, probably for the reason that the Pentagon, or at least a majority within it, is itself scared. For twenty years it has been able to command by coercion the manpower it needs, however wasteful its use of that manpower, while under a volunteer system it would have to enter the employment market the way it enters other markets—we do not conscript for rifles or missiles.

Interestingly, the original Defense Department study of the draft which was ordered by President Johnson and promised for release in mid-1965, but later suppressed, has now been obtained by a military writer (not this one) who intends to publish it in whole, including its conclusion that conscription could be abolished for $3.1 to $4.5 billion. Even this fairly low figure does not account for the offsetting savings of a volunteer system with lower manpower turnover.

Fortunately, Secretary McNamara and the Pentagon Manpower Office do not necessarily speak for all military men. Many privately express their desire to see the image of the forces improved through the replacement of conscription and observe, moreover, that there would be greater efficiency and higher morale under an all-volunteer system. For example, writing in *Military Review* in June 1964, Brig. General Lynn D. Smith (Army) noted that the draft is at the root of high manpower turnover and "personnel turbulence . . . the basic problem of the Army." Commanders complain, wrote General Smith, that " 'as soon as we are able to operate as a unit, the trained men leave and we have to start all over again.' " With the Vietnam buildup the problem has worsened, and when the war ends and force strengths are cut back the snafu caused by mass exit of personnel will be truly monumental.

Another critic who can hardly be accused of wishing to weaken the military is Brig. General Barry M. Goldwater (Air Force Reserve). Indeed, Goldwater was the first major public figure in recent years to raise the possibility of draft abolition. It was one of his early and less known proposals in 1964 when he cited the figure of $1 billion as the cost of a volunteer system.

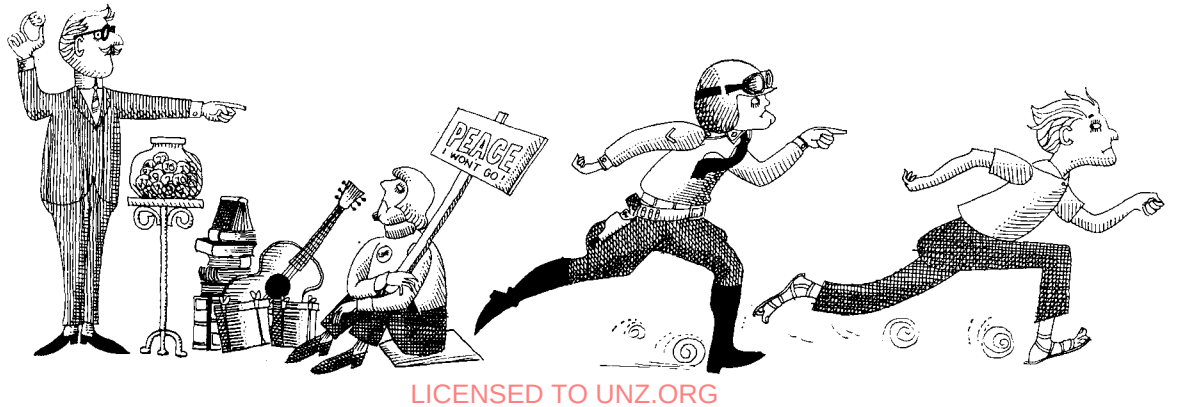
Goldwater reportedly was strongly influenced in his position by another conservative, Dr. Milton Friedman of the University of Chicago, who is still producing research on the subject. Friedman's most telling point is that failure to pay a living wage to conscripts and other first-termers constitutes a tax on that portion of the draft-age men who must tend to national defense. The $96 a month paid an American private is about the same as the pay of a collective farm worker in Communist Eastern Europe and less than half what unemployment compensation pays. Measured against what the average soldier could make in the civilian economy, the hidden tax society imposes upon him — even considering housing and other military benefits —amounts to about $1,700 a year. We select by compulsion less than one half of draft-age men to serve, and then impose upon them unusual economic sacrifice, while their peers who are not in service are literally free to go about their business. Meanwhile, many men who would like to make careers of the military are dissuaded by the low pay.

Says Friedman, "Conscription is a tax in kind—that is, forced labor imposed on the young men who are drafted or who volunteer to serve because of the threat of the draft. One of the greatest advances in human freedom was the conversion of taxes in kind to money taxes. A similar advance would be attained now by replacing conscription and using volunteer enlistment to staff our armed forces."

Even if some draft were necessary, financial relief and bettered living conditions for the draftee would be essential for maintaining any pretence of justice in the draft's rationale. But, sadly, many of the liberal Left refuse to acknowledge the injustice at all or suggest it is trifling. Their reason is that they don't *want* a volunteer military and fear bettering the life of the draftee and first-term enlistee would demonstrate its feasibility and explode their fondest dreams for compulsory national service.

The National Conference on the Draft in Chicago provided unique insight into this attitude. Most of the 120 participants—professors, government representatives, congressmen, leaders of private volunteer and church groups and a handful of students—came to the conference believing a volunteer system impractical. That is no surprise: there has been no prominent spokesman concerned with the issue's development and very little press exploration of its merits. Never before had Pentagon and Selective Service officials been confronted in any lengthy debate.

However, during the conference there was a palpable shift of sentiment on the matter. With Oi's figures and the arguments of the panel of voluntarism advocates — Friedman, Rep. Donald Rumsfeld (R., Ill.) and this writer—a dramatic shift of sentiment occurred. It was later expressed in a petition signed by 60 conference participants (and by four others "with



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qualifications"). The petition called for a select committee of Congress to study the proposal and for a "transitional draft" to replace the present system and work towards achievement of the volunteer system.

However, a minority of participants argued that while a volunteer system might be practical it still would be "unjust." This staggering conclusion was based in part on the undemonstrated suspicion that Negroes and the poor generally would be "exploited" under a volunteer military because higher salaries would make military service attractive. Eventually the armed forces would become nearly all-Negro and the white middle class would lose a sense of obligation to serve society.

Negro-poor exploitation by high pay is surely one of the most impoverished arguments the povertarians have ever put forward. Dr. Oi's analysis of the employment market and common sense suggest otherwise. If, for example, every Negro male who could pass the Army physical and mental tests were to choose to enter service, only one-fourth of the annual personnel accessions required by the military would be met thereby; there just aren't enough Negroes to fill up the armed forces under any pay situation.

The other point, that the wicked white middle class (or anybody else) might lose a sense of obligation to serve society can alarm those who suspect that what the povertarians mean by "society" is the state and not real human beings.

Significantly, the non-governmental groups at the Chicago conference strongly favored draft abolition and strongly opposed the alternative of draft deferments for national service. Obviously, they said, those volunteer activities that were government-run or government-approved would win a young man a military deferment. Rather than encouraging the spirit of volunteer work in America the national service deferment would, they feared, corrupt it.

Finally, opponents of the volunteer system charged that somehow a professional military would endanger the civilian control of our country; we might have a putsch. Certainly any democracy must be wary of untoward military influence on civilian authority, but just how that influence is held in check by a draft cannot be discovered from the current situation or from history. Indeed, there seem to be more examples of military coups and of militarism generally in nations with conscription than in those without. While the United States and Britain have had volunteer militaries (except here since World War II) and almost no threat of military takeover, nations like Germany, France and Russia have had opposite experiences.

Actually, the correlation between form of military manpower acquisition and military power in politics is not persuasive one way or another in America. Ultimately, the question is simply, what effect does the luckless draftee, doing only what he is told, have on military policy? And the answer is. none.

Among Republicans preservation and extension of the concept of voluntarism attracts both conservatives and progressives. The writer was first interested in the issue by Rep. Thomas B. Curtis, a conservative whose ACA rating is such that this Ripon-leaning moderate tries to ignore it. Other irrefragably moderate Republicans, such as the congressional "Wednesday Group," George Romney and the Ripon Society itself have taken positions quite like those of Goldwater, Reagan, Friedman and, lately, YAF.

Richard Nixon says that he, like Ike, favors Universal Military Training, an alternative which, blessedly, has little other support. His second choice, on which he points out his "agreement with Bobby Kennedy," is the lottery. One can hope however that if Mr. Nixon sees both wings of the party swinging behind the volunteer system he'll have second thoughts.

The Democrats, on the other hand, are hopelessly split. Besides the National Service advocates, a few Democrats, such as Rep. Robert Kastenmeier of Wisconsin, are libertarian enough to favor the volunteer system. Then there is Sen. Edward M. Kennedy (supported by Big Brother Bob), an early proponent of the lottery who, in Chicago, wound up talking about a system that would include a bit of all—a little compulsion here, a smidgin of voluntarism there, a pinch of raw chance, a few leftover local draft boards and a heaping cup of Rousseauian "National Service."

It would appear Ted Kennedy really has not given the draft issue much thought and that his compromise proposal is the sum total of all his thoughtlessness. Sadly, the same is true of the President's Commission. At Chicago Bradley H. Patterson Jr., the Commission Director, announced that while the Commission had only three to four weeks before a final report would go to the President, its mind was "still open." That is quite a commentary on the depth of conviction reached through the Commission's "exhaustive" six-month/ten meeting study.

Since Mr. Patterson also divulged that only one paper out of 45 solicited by the Commission was on the volunteer system, and since volunteer advocates such as Rep. Curtis, who requested to appear before the Commission's closed hearings, were turned down, conservatives and libertarians generally should refuse to be sidetracked by the Commission report and take the opportunity presented by the President's recommendations to Congress to demand a thorough national reappraisal of the philosophical and libertarian questions entailed in the draft.

Toward Tomorrow

Paris is headed for its biggest binge of belts. Arlette Nastat, who designs for the yé-yé little couture house of Réal, slung her belts so low they must hurt when the models sit down. She also lost her head over tight baby bloomers with long-sleeved tops and attached hoods.

New York Times

Shirley Temple curls;
Stockings "scalded red."
Zippers are for *girls*.
(That's what Paris said.)
Wear an epaulet;
Sling a saddle bag.
Join the crazy set!
Let your middle sag.
Can't you read the signs?
Aren't the entrails clear?
As the state declines,
Fashion heads its rear.

W. H. VON DREELE

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FROM THE ACADEMY

Beginning in Doubt

RUSSELL KIRK

Where will the present ferment among college students end? If one were to consider only outward phenomena, one probably would reply, "In private and public anarchy." Yet, as St. Paul put it, those who begin in doubt shall end in certitude.

Friends at Stanford University sent me a copy of a booklet or magazine entitled *Freshman Voices: Student Manners and Morals.* The contributors to this little volume all are first-year students at Stanford, and most of them (they write rather well, by the way) exhibit the attitudes of rebellion with which everyone has become familiar. Institutionalized rebellion, indeed, is the new conformity on many a campus.) One encounters among these essays the usual shallow preoccupation with experiment in sex, with LSD, and the like.

Kirk

But also one encounters something a great deal more nearly original: a serious questioning of the present intellectual domination of liberalism and rationalism. There is a significant passage in a well-reasoned essay, "The Two-Culture Trap," by Mr. Jeffrey Harris:

". . . In all industrialized nations, but especially in the United States, rationalism is gradually becoming outmoded. By this I don't mean that the amount of knowledge is decreasing, or that the average IQ is slowly dropping; if anything the opposites are true. But I do believe that rationalism, as a single directive force in daily life, is becoming less important. This change is not due solely to human reactions against the dehumanizing forces in rationalism and technology. Rationalism, having been too successful, is destroying itself."

Now the principal function of college and university, necessarily, is to develop the rational faculty. As Pascal said, nevertheless, "The heart has reasons that the reason does not know." And a doctrinaire Rationalism, preached by latter-day Enlighteners as limited in their imagination as were many of the eighteenth-century *philosophes,* offers little enough to the mind and the heart of the generation now rising. So Mr. Harris, for one, begins to perceive that rationalism and right reason are not synonymous.

Another contributor to *Freshman Voices,* Mr. Don Farrow, discusses "Influence of the Liberals." From a pre-college conservatism of complacency, he appears to have been converted, in some degree, to the cause of protest. Still, he is not quite satisfied that latter-day liberalism really possesses the answers:

"The protestors, by presenting the concepts most alien to us, have made us understand ideas that before we would have flatly condemned; we learn to overcome our initial prejudices, to listen to the unusual. But because we are seldom challenged by conservative arguments, and because we are detached from the influence of our parents, we sometimes hold in contempt anyone who is traditional, or patriotic, or socially popular, and we see ourselves as enlightened and our parents as ignorant. It is easy to condemn society in college, and think yourself a liberal. There are few people who will argue back. . . .

"The liberal stance is convincing, and most of us are convinced by it, but for many there is often the feeling that we are being inundated with one point of view, that the more conservative side of each question is being hidden."

This is a canny surmise. Mr. Farrow seems to imply that the questing intellects among the freshmen are not at all happy to abide in the shadow-world of doubt for doubt's sake, of negation for negation's sake; he recognizes that his generation may be conceited:

"Our morals, or lack of morals, show our increasing conviction that there is nothing absolute or dependable in this world, that nothing is real and no purpose is valid unless we make it so and believe in it. There is no God, or if there is, the code that people attribute to him is only an invention of man. There is no country in itself worthy of patriotism, unless its ideals coincide with what we personally feel is just. And since Nuremberg, we even feel that a person must decide whether the laws are good and should be followed, or bypassed because they contradict what he believes is right."

Pursuit of Certitude

Well! However naive some of these attitudes may be, the mood reminds this writer of St. Augustine's pursuit, through all the schools, of certitude—which at last he attained. (Augustine, so neglected today, perhaps has more to teach this age than has any other philosopher.) Justice cannot be apprehended by what one "personally feels"; it is necessary to know the norms of justice if one is to say anything sensible about the crimes which led to Nuremberg, for instance, or about the unjust character of the trials themselves.

Some degree of revolt against Daddy and Mommy must be expected among college undergraduates, nor is it unhealthy; but such skepticism, in the true university, should lead to normative understanding. Mr. Terry Barnett, in an essay called "Growing Up," remarks that "parents and other adults seem often to sacrifice moral objectives for material (and thus social) security. The warning, 'Don't rock the boat,' seems to be taken as axiomatic."

College students naturally challenge platitudes. Yet most platitudes are true: that is why they have become platitudinous. Anyone who has done much boating, for instance, comes to understand that "Don't rock the boat" is a most necessary axiom. Test all things, says St. Paul. But only a liberal ideologue, smug in his secular dogmas, will think it well to remain forever unmanned by Doubt as an end.

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The Hazards of Zeal

THOMAS S. SZASZ

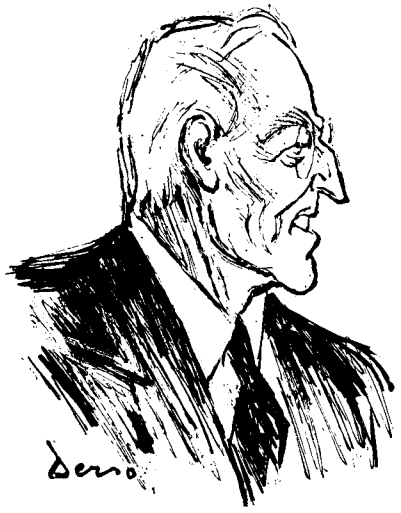
Wilson's personality and Presidency have always been and still are a delicate subject. Inevitably, any critical biography of an American President, whether the author so intends or not, is considered an exposé of his secret weaknesses. This effect is greatly heightened when, as here, the subject is a great and "martyred" President, and one of the biographers, a great but still controversial psychiatrist. This book, then, is sure to make the fur fly.

Because of the criticisms already leveled against it on the grounds that it impugns Wilson's greatness by demeaning him as mentally deranged, I shall first address myself to the psychiatric aspects of the work. Freud, it must be noted, foresaw this criticism. "We must attack the misconception," he writes in the Introduction, "that we have written this book with a secret purpose to prove that Wilson was a pathological character, an abnormal man, in order to undermine in this roundabout way esteem for his achievements. No! That is not our intention. For belief in a stiff frame of normality and a sharp line of demarcation between normal and abnormal in the psychic life has been abandoned by our science." This claim of Freud's bears the same relation to the realities of psychiatry as Wilson's claims about the Treaty of Versailles bore to the realities of politics. The fact is that millions of persons all over the world have been defamed and imprisoned by having been declared "mentally ill"; but Freud never even alludes to any of this. Similarly, in a speech on September 24, 1919, Wilson characterized the Treaty of Versailles as "the most remarkable document . . . in human history," and asserted that the Great Powers "did not claim a single piece of territory"; the facts were blatantly otherwise.

FREUD'S DISCLAIMER, that he was not trying to prove that Wilson was a "pathological character," is contradicted by what he and Bullitt actually say about Wilson. For example, they cite Wilson's false characterization of the Treaty of Versailles and conclude that Wilson was "not consciously lying," but was "very close to psychosis." The authors thus use psychiatric diagnostic terms, as do others, to explain behavior which they dislike or disapprove of, and thereby stigmatize the person whom they label. Herein lies one of the valuable lessons contained in this volume. If the reader believes that mental illness is a disease like any other, then he must be ready to accept the possibility that the experts capable of diagnosing such diseases may find them not only in unimportant people, but also in national leaders. Moreover, if psychiatric diagnoses demean great men, they also demean little men. How, then, do we reconcile crying "Foul!" when Wilson is diagnosed mentally sick, with practicing the same kind of name-calling with great fervor on our less important citizens?

As psychiatric analysis, this book thus exemplifies what has become a commonplace in our day: the substitution of the language of medicine for the language of morals, and the consequent condemnation of individuals as "sick" rather than as "bad." This perspective on human affairs suffers from a fundamental misunderstanding of the differences between physical science and (so-called) social science. In physical science, we desire knowledge of an object in order to control it better; by understanding electricity, we can produce light, heat and send messages. If social science is merely an extension, to man and society, of the aims and methods of physical science, then it follows that we will wish to have a greater understanding of people, the better to control them. But the control of man by his fellow man is supposed to be a problem for ethics, law and politics—not for "science." Moreover, although it is true that we must know physics to control electrons, it is not true that we must know psychology to control men: to control man, we need power, not knowledge, and the desire and will to use that power.

DESPITE these defects, this is a valuable book. To be sure, it is a personalistic, rather than a historical, analysis of Wilson and his Presidency; but that is what the authors intended it to be. It is possible to separate, to some extent, the portrait of Wilson here presented from the authors' "psychoanalysis" of his character; the former may stand even if the latter does not. The following quotations illustrate the sort of picture which Freud and Bullitt paint of Wilson. In his mature years, they say, Wilson was "an ugly, unhealthy, 'intense,'



Wilson: ". . . evangel of therapeutic politics"

Thomas Woodrow Wilson: A Psychological Study, by Sigmund Freud and William C. Bullitt. Houghton, $6.00

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Presbyterian, who had little interest in women and none in food, wine, music, art or sport, but enormous interest in speaking, in himself, in his career and in God." At Princeton, when reminded of a promise he had made, Wilson retorted: "We must not lay too great stress on 'commitments.'" In Paris, he was said to be the man who "talks like Jesus Christ and acts like Lloyd George."

The picture of Wilson which thus emerges is consistent with that painted by others, notably by Thomas Bailey, a distinguished professor of American history at Stanford University, who characterizes him as follows: "He called for 'peace without victory' early in 1917 (he ultimately settled for victory without peace). After trying 'armed neutrality' (it was essentially unarmed unneutrality), he asked for a war to make the world 'safe for democracy' (it ended with the world made unsafe for democracy) and for 'a war to end war' (there were twenty or so wars being waged after the big one jarred to a halt). At Paris he fought desperately for his Fourteen Points, including 'open covenants for peace, openly arrived at' (he met secretly with the Big Four). . . ."

Undeniably, Wilson managed to entangle the United States in a war purely on economic conflicts between two groups of European powers, "right" and "wrong" being as evenly divided between the combatants as they have ever been in war; and he managed to superintend a peace treaty unwittingly guaranteed to breed discontents and wars the likes of which mankind had never seen. Bullitt, on the other hand, resigned in 1919 (when he was only 28 years old) from his position as attaché to the American Peace Commission, because, as he wrote to the President, "our government has consented now to deliver the suffering peoples of the world to new oppressions, subjections and dismemberments—a new century of war. And I can convince myself no longer that effective labor for 'a new world order' is possible as a servant of this Government . . . (The) duty of the Government of the United States to its own people and to mankind is to refuse to sign or ratify this unjust treaty, to refuse to guarantee its settlements by entering the League of Nations, to refuse to entangle the United States further by the understanding with France." Still, Wilson, not Bullitt, is honored as a great American and a great "peacemaker"; and Wilson, not Bullitt, was awarded the Nobel Prize for Peace.

Herein lies one of the crucial differences between science and politics. We revere Giordano Bruno, not those who burned him at the stake. We remember Ignaz Semmelweiss, not those who persecuted him and committed him to an insane asylum. But we do not similarly honor men, like Bullitt, who had courageously warned about and sagely predicted the consequences of Wilson's "therapeutic" politics—and who were proved right by future events as fully as any scientist predicting the motion of planets could hope to be. In human affairs we thus continue to focus on motives rather than consequences, and to honor lofty aims rather than decent deeds.

Freud, we may recall here, taught psychiatrists about the risks lurking in excessive therapeutic zeal. In this book, Freud and Bullitt show us the dangers lurking in the reforming zeal of the politician and statesman. If proof were needed that Samuel Johnson was right when he exclaimed, "Hell is paved with good intentions," this book would amply supply it.

Although written more than thirty years ago, this study of Wilson is

Random Notes

● Books: The flood of Civil War books seems, at last, to be subsiding, but publishers are already gearing up for the bicentennial of the American Revolution. Two interesting eyewitness items are *The Spirit of '76,* in which Henry Steele Commager and Richard B. Morris assemble accounts from journals, letters, newspaper reports and other contemporary sources (Harper, $15) and *Boys in the Revolution,* containing the journals of three young soldiers (Stackpole, May, $4.50). . . . Noel Stock, Pound's amanuensis, offers interpretations in *Reading the Cantos* (Pantheon, June, $5). . . . One Gershom Bradford has an answer to the mystery of that ship that was found empty and adrift in the Atlantic in 1872. It's in *The Secret of the Mary Celeste and Other Sea Fare* (Barre, $5.95). . . . Newest volumes in the eminently worthwhile Sierra Club's equally worthwhile "Exhibit Series" ($25 each) are lavish picture trips to the *Navajo Wildlands,* Alaska's *Glacier Bay,* and *Kauai,* the jewel of the Hawaiian Islands.

Coming up from the indefatigable Edwin P. Hoyt is an illustrated biography, *Alexander Woollcott: The Man Who Came to Dinner* (Abelard-Schuman, Spring, $6.50). . . . Twenty years after, H. Allen Smith has written *Son of Rhubarb,* another crafty cat (Trident, May, $4.95). Silliness: Atheneum has published *Jiggery-Pokery: A Compendium of Double-Dactyls* ($3.95); Beacon will offer an illustrated history of ballooning in the nineteenth century, Munson Baldwin's *With Brass and Gas* (May, $6). . . . Suggestion: now available is *The Serviceman's New Testament,* with waterproof vinyl carrying case and in a ready-to-mail carton (Holman, $3.50).

● Literary Note: Ex-convict Frank Elli, author of the best-selling (and well worth reading) prison novel, *The Riot,* writes to his publishers, Coward-McCann: "I've been hanging around bookstores, in disguise, of course, and during one day I have personally counted seven cash sales and two thefts. Do I get my royalty on a book regardless of whether it is purchased or shoplifted?"

● Writers on the Right: Two *NR* contributors grace the publishers' Spring lists: Nika Standen Hazelton, with *A Swiss Cookbook* (Atheneum, April, $5.95), and Ralph de Toledano, a revised edition of whose *Spies, Dupes and Diplomats,* story of the Hiss case, is just out (Arlington House, $5). . . . Coming up: F. Clifton White's *Suite 3505: The Story of the Draft Goldwater Movement* (Arlington, April, $6.95).

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*Dept. of Health Education and Welfare, Public Health Service, annual report, Vital Statistics of the United States.

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McGraw-Hill Book Company, 330 W. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

astonishingly timely today. One of the reasons for this is that Wilson was the first important meliorist liberal in modern American politics. His failure and tragedy were not just the failure and tragedy of a particular individual — as Freud and Bullitt make it appear—but also the failure and tragedy of evangelical liberalism as a psychological perspective and a political ideology. As Kenneth Minogue has so brilliantly shown, one of the hazards the liberal faces is that while he "is concerned with vague general ends, it is in fact the means which are crucial in society—for the simple reason that the ends are never reached. Especially where the end is vague and utopian, the politician will be particularly liable to misunderstand the actual implications of his work. How many visionaries have unwittingly prepared a Hell on earth because their gaze was stubbornly fixed on Heaven? And when Hell comes—well, there is always some *ad hoc* theory of sinister interests or Judas-like betrayal to extricate the theorist from his disaster. What his illusions have prevented him from understanding are the forces he in fact served; and good intentions are quite beside the point. Stupidity is a moral as well as an intellectual defect."

Wilson was the quintessence of the ascetic, self-sacrificing, salvationist liberal who denies his own desires and needs and claims to represent the interests and welfare not of his own person or nation, but of all mankind. Historians sympathetic to Wilson view his inability to impose this vision on others as a "tragedy." But should we not rather rejoice that men who seek to deceive others, even with the best of intentions, in the end only deceive themselves? So long as that remains true, there is hope for mankind.

The Boys in Group II

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

By now it is no secret that Barry Goldwater was drafted, and largely nominated, by a group of men he did not know well and some of whom he may not even have liked very much. When he finally proclaimed his candidacy in January 1964, and still more when he took control of the machinery of the Republican Party after his nomination in July, Goldwater dismissed or demoted most of the members of Group I and replaced them with Group II —a combination of Arizona political intimates under Denison Kitchel (to do the "nuts and bolts" work of the campaign) and a conservative brain trust gathered around William Baroody (to do the speech-writing and heavy thinking). From Goldwater's nomination through Election Day, Group II was solidly in control of his campaign, and to it belong whatever bouquets are considered to be due for that performance. Comes now Karl Hess, one of Bill Baroody's boys, to collect a few of those bouquets and offer the first public account of It All as seen from that particular vantage point.

In a Cause That Will Triumph, by Karl Hess. Doubleday, $4.95

It is unfortunate that Hess feels obliged to spend a great deal of time taking pot-shots at various individual members of Group I. To be sure, he may justly point out that literary hostilities were opened by Stephen Shadegg, whose own book, *What Happened to Goldwater?* (*NR*, August 10, 1965), had harsh things to say about certain members of Hess's own circle. But Shadegg, as a longtime Arizona friend and campaign manager for Goldwater, stood to a large extent outside both groups, and his eclipse was in no way related to Goldwater's decision to send virtually the entire leadership of the Draft Goldwater Committee to the showers half-way through the big game.

Nonetheless, Hess snipes diligently away at Group II's fallen predecessors, and it is not a very pretty sight. They were, it seems, "pros"—a word Hess uses pejoratively, as implying a person with motives evil at worst and impure at best. (It may also interest Senator Goldwater, who once discounted them as rank amateurs.) It never once occurs to Hess that there may be something positively admirable about a group of professional politicians who cared enough for their country to spurn the waving checkbook of Nelson Rockefeller and deliver 450 delegate votes to a man who had warned them repeatedly that their attachment would not necessarily be reciprocated. Nor is Hess even prepared to be impressed by their political achievement. "The trick in 1964," he says contemptuously, "would have been to stop the convention from nominating Goldwater. Getting it to nominate him was about as complicated as getting water to flow downhill." No doubt—but how was such an enthusiastic convention assembled in the first place? In seeking to derogate that brilliant performance, Hess succeeds only in demonstrating his own profound ignorance of the complexities of American Presidential politics.

All this is especially unfortunate, I repeat, because when he finally gets around to the campaign itself, Hess has a lot that is new and interesting to say. He himself had worked on the party's 1960 platform and on its 1962 Declaration of Principles before taking a hand with the 1964 document, and he demonstrates convincingly that the outcries of the "moderates" about the latter were, quite simply, phony: it was the lineal descendant of its two unexceptionable predecessors. In a separate chapter entitled "The Bomb and the Card," he discusses calmly the campaign's two biggest canards: the successful distortion of Goldwater's views on nuclear weapons and again on Social Security. His descriptions of how the major decisions of the campaign were made are entitled to high respect, since after all he was there. My own favorite, however, is his chapter on the press, in which he pillories a performance that, God knows, badly needed pillorying.

There is, in addition, a lengthy appendix setting forth what purports to be a verbatim transcript of the "unity conference" held by the Republican leaders at Hershey, Pennsylvania on August 12, 1964. Practically everybody was there (Goldwater and Miller, Eisenhower and Nixon, plus Rocky, Romney, Percy, Scranton, Chafee, Volpe, Kitchel, Burch *et al*), and they obviously didn't realize posterity was listening. Especially recommended for students of political science!

Here and there one misses some-

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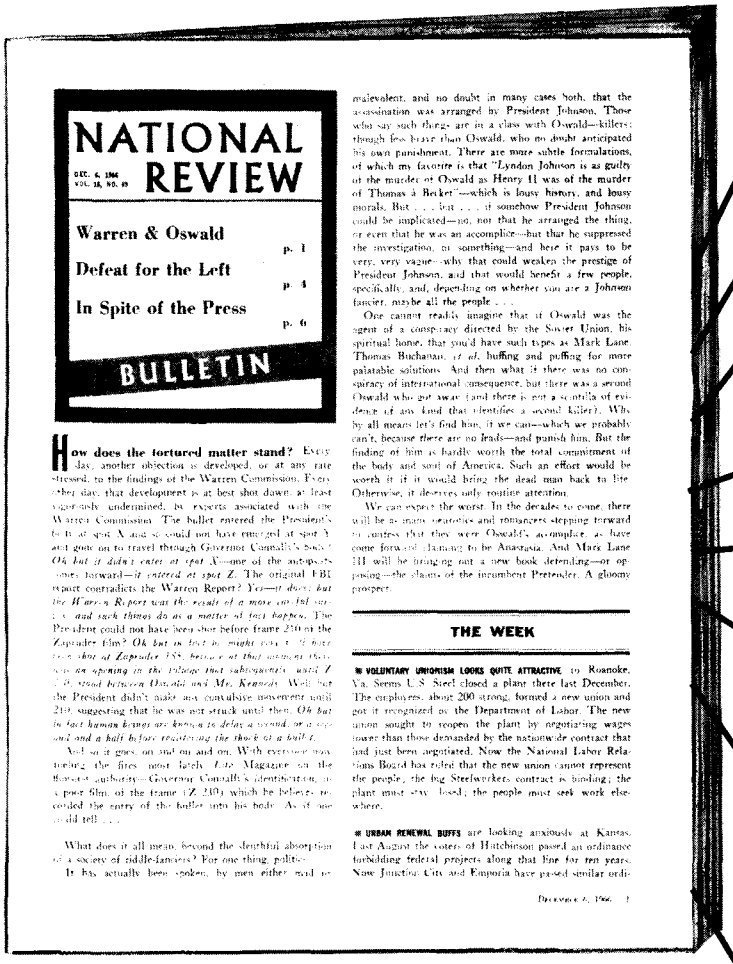

NATIONAL REVIEW

DEC. 6, 1966 VOL. 18, NO. 49

Warren & Oswald p. 1

Defeat for the Left p. 4

In Spite of the Press p. 6

BULLETIN

How does the tortured matter stand? Every day, another objection is developed, or at any rate stressed, to the findings of the Warren Commission. Every other day, that development is at best shot down, at least vigorously undermined, by experts associated with the Warren Commission. The bullet entered the President's back at spot A and so could not have emerged at spot B, and went on to travel through Governor Connally's body. *Oh, but it didn't enter at spot A*—one of the autopsists comes forward—*it entered at spot Z.* The original FBI report contradicts the Warren Report? *Yes—it does, but the Warren Report was the result of a more careful survey, and such things do as a matter of fact happen.* The President could not have been shot before frame 210 in the Zapruder film? *Oh, but in fact he might very well have been shot at Zapruder 188, because at that moment there was an opening in the foliage that subsequently would [illegible] stood between Oswald and Mr. Kennedy.* Well, but the President didn't make any convulsive movement until 210, suggesting that he was not struck until then. *Oh but in fact human brains are known to delay a second, or a second and a half before registering the shock of a bullet.*

And so it goes, on and on and on. With everyone now trading the fires most lately Life Magazine on the thirteen authority—Governor Connally's identification, in a post film, of the frame (Z 240) which he believes recorded the entry of the bullet into his body. As if one could tell . . .

What does it all mean, beyond the doubtful absorption of a society of riddle-fanciers? For one thing, politics. It has, actually been spoken, by men either mad or malevolent, and no doubt in many cases both, that the assassination was arranged by President Johnson. Those who say such things are in a class with Oswald—killers; though less brave than Oswald, who no doubt anticipated his own punishment. There are more subtle formulations, of which my favorite is that "Lyndon Johnson is as guilty of the murder of Oswald as Henry II was of the murder of Thomas à Becket"—which is lousy history, and lousy morals. But . . . but . . . it somehow President Johnson could be implicated—no, not that he arranged the thing, or even that he was an accomplice—but that he suppressed the investigation, or something—and here it pays to be very, very vague—why that could weaken the prestige of President Johnson, and that would benefit a few people, specifically, and, depending on whether you are a Johnson fancier, maybe all the people . . .

One cannot readily imagine that if Oswald was the agent of a conspiracy directed by the Soviet Union, his spiritual home, that you'd have such types as Mark Lane, Thomas Buchanan, *et al*, huffing and puffing for more palatable solutions. And then what if there was no conspiracy of international consequence, but there was a second Oswald who got away (and there is not a scintilla of evidence of any kind that identifies a second killer). Why by all means let's find him, if we can—which we probably can't, because there are no leads—and punish him. But the finding of him is hardly worth the total commitment of the body and soul of America. Such an effort would be worth it if it would bring the dead man back to life. Otherwise, it deserves only routine attention.

We can expect the worst. In the decades to come, there will be as many neurotics and romancers stepping forward to confess that they were Oswald's accomplice, as have come forward claiming to be Anastasia. And Mark Lane III will be bringing out a new book defending—or opposing—the claims of the incumbent Pretender. A gloomy prospect.

THE WEEK

■ VOLUNTARY UNIONISM LOOKS QUITE ATTRACTIVE to Roanoke, Va. Seems U.S. Steel closed a plant there last December. The employees, about 200 strong, formed a new union and got it recognized by the Department of Labor. The new union sought to reopen the plant by negotiating wages lower than those demanded by the nationwide contract that had just been negotiated. Now the National Labor Relations Board has ruled that the new union cannot represent the people, the big Steelworkers contract is binding; the plant must stay closed; the people must seek work elsewhere.

■ URBAN RENEWAL BUFFS are looking anxiously at Kansas. Last August the voters of Hutchinson passed an ordinance forbidding federal projects along that line for ten years. Now Junction City and Emporia have passed similar ordi-

December 6, 1966 1

IMPORTANT

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thing. I counted only one brief reference to the famous "extremism" sentence of Goldwater's acceptance speech, and that largely self-exculpatory. Surely somebody's feelings are being spared?

It is hard not to wish that Hess's colleagues had shown, when it might still have mattered, the selflessness displayed by the "pros" he condemns so roundly. Late in 1963, for example, the leaders of Group II (which was then just assembling) were approached by Bill Buckley and Brent Bozell with an urgent plea that a committee of "Intellectuals for Goldwater" be formed, to counter the prevailing notion that he was supported only by certified yahoos. The Senator's men ignored the suggestion, apparently suspecting a dark plot to dilute their own influence—and a few days later an amazing little item was planted in the *New York Times*, gloating that Goldwater's top strategists had "repulsed a boarding party" consisting of Buckley and Bozell!

Before twelve months had passed the boys of Group II were to become pretty good at repulsing boarding parties. One wonders whether, on Election Night 1964, they felt a mite lonely, up there on the bridge of the good ship *Goldwater*.

Storm in the Land and the Soul

RUSSELL KIRK

ALTHOUGH he has lived in Spain most of the time for the past decade, Mr. F. R. Buckley has written a novel set in Long Island—the Island as it was between 1895 and 1938. He knows everything about the Island and the age; more important, he has a strong insight into the varieties of human nature, and he can write with power. One scarcely would guess that this is a first novel.

Eye of the Hurricane, by Fergus Reid Buckley. Doubleday, $6.50

This is but the first volume of a projected four-volume work—which, if Mr. Buckley lives long enough, will amount to a million words, under the general title *Great South Bay*. What J. P. Marquand did for New England, Buckley is doing for that lesser New England across Long Island Sound, the country of the Baymen, successively whalers, oyster-gatherers, fishermen and waterfowl-hunters, and now a breed almost extinct. Into the character of these folk, Buckley penetrates with an acuteness, and an occasional touch of humor, reminiscent of Santayana's *The Last Puritan*.

The Hurricane is the terrible storm which struck Long Island in 1938; but that (described with a touch of genius) is reserved for the final chapter. Buckley's principal theme is the life of Captain Jonathan Wright, whose heroic, tormented and archaic nature, at once roughhewn and mystical, cannot endure the coming of the city "yahoos." Wright's losing battle stands, in some sense, for the struggle of the old American against our age.

With his aristocratic friend August Baxter, of Pepper Hill, Jonathan Wright contends passionately against the despoilers who would alienate the common lands of the Great South Bay towns. A storm within the soul is no less fierce. Wright's outwardly masterful character is distorted by inner terrors: his mother, he discovers early, had lain with men other than Matthew Wright. His friend Baxter's wife, whom Wright loves, betrays her husband with a pillar of depravity. Distrustful of women and of himself, Wright lives chaste until, in his middle fifties, he marries a girl from the city whose life has been one of prolonged vileness.

Love frustrated and lust triumphant, in a powerful nature, cannot be genteelly described. Mr. Buckley's erotic passages and occasional explosions of obscenity from his characters, for all that, are hard on the stomach and the heart; a smaller dose would suffice to make the point. The reader escapes from these abysses to scene after scene of the sea, wreck, and rescue—from the world of Norman Mailer to the world of Joseph Conrad.

Buckley's formidable array of full-drawn characters—madness gnawing at some of them—and his intricate plot (woven, in large part, from the Baymen's ancestral sins) defy close examination in this review. "Baymen had been plunderers all through his-

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tory," Wright tells himself, near the end. "Yahoo blood had flowed in the veins of baymen from the beginning. From the beginning, their posture was false, preposterous. And he, their rejuvenator, their protector, he was . . ."

Jonathan Wright was, literally, a bastard. Also he was a man of iron. In his grim frustration, he imprisons and keeps as a slave a symbol of the city, the gangster Lester Callahan. The two of them vanish into the eye of the hurricane.

Wright's power is not of God: his righteousness rests upon the treacherous sands of a community and a culture already awash. Baffled in love, Jonathan Wright is a good hater —which is better than emptiness; for, as Edmund Burke said, "They never will love where they ought to love who do not hate where they ought to hate."

It took F. R. Buckley ten years to write this book: would that other novelists took such pains! Despite this novel's great length, the reader is carried away by the narrative and the richness of description. One's appetite is roused for Buckley's promised progress backward into the earlier generations of Great South Bay. In Book One, a seventy-year-old wicked survivor from other times —Jeremiah Wooster, the "Writ of Doom"—is such a naturalistic grotesque as few American writers have been able to conjure up. As social historian and as master of character, Fergus Reid Buckley will make his mark.

The Guilt of 'Atonement'

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

THIS BOOK, on the subject of tragedy, is itself subject to a truly tragic fate: it could have become, had the author followed his remarkably sane instincts, one of the seminal books of our age; but, because he chose to comply with the moral indecisiveness of his learned profession and with the narrative rules of the trade, it became merely a useful compendium of history. The greater the pity! For here was a chance to purge the national conscience, at least intellectually, of a guilt we amassed, all of us, more than twenty years ago, when we permitted our justifiable emotions to run away with our dedication to law. And the chance was missed.

The Trial of the Germans: Nuremberg 1945-1946, by Eugene Davidson. Macmillan, $12.50

That the chance has become noticeable, however, testifies to the extraordinary qualities of Mr. Davidson's feat. In seven years of painstaking research, directed by a knowing intelligence, Mr. Davidson has constructed a veritable model of precise historiography. Sometimes one suspects that his diligence may indeed have been his undoing. His myriads of documented facts develop their own gravity, which may have deflected him from his moral course. For, obviously, he undertook all these labors with one, and only one, aim in mind: to arrive at an intellectually coherent judgment on the justifiability of the Nuremberg Trials. The first 36 pages not only rouse our happiest expectations, but show the author in firm control of his problem. But 600 pages later he knows so much less than at the beginning that he should have done one of two things: either rewritten the first chapter and made it into one of the usual on-the-one-hand, on-the-other-hand essays of relativism, or thrown out at least half of the following text. My advice would have been to do the latter.

In sticking to his narrative blueprint, Davidson, instead of judging the "Judgment of Nuremberg," recapitulates the unholy life-stories of the defendants. One willingly concedes

that these stories, in the whole gigantic literature on the subject, have seldom been better told, or with greater fairness. But the point, it seems to me, is that they *have* been told, and definitively. True, there is certainly neither a law nor even an important objection against telling us once more that Hitler, Goering and Streicher were Nazis. But if a man of Mr. Davidson's substance ponders for seven years over the Nuremberg Trials, one is entitled to assume that he understands the nature of his problem. To wit, no matter how stupid and evil those Nazis were, should we have staged an act of war as an act of justice?

THIS PROBLEM is now twenty years old. And it was grasped twenty years ago, to the undying honor of America, be it recalled. Robert A. Taft said on October 5, 1946: "My objection to the Nuremberg trials is that, while clothed with the forms of justice, they were in fact an instrument of government policy determined months before at Yalta and Teheran."

Indeed, the political need for Western society to get rid of the Nazi leaders was never in question. That much was taken for granted, even by the Germans. And there were statesmen in the United States and in England who had sound advice to give. "Secretary of State Hull," reports Davidson, "thought that the German leaders should be given short shrift —tried, he said, by a drumhead court-martial. This view was shared by a number of prominent British, including Winston Churchill, who said he wanted the top Nazi criminals taken out some morning and shot without preliminaries. This was also the opinion of the American Secretary of the Treasury, Henry Morgenthau. The Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court said he could understand that a spontaneous act of this kind might take place, but he had serious doubts about a trial with the attributes of law and justice."

What happened in the end was that our civilized concepts of law collided with the irresponsible claims of a "progressivism" that arrogantly considers itself entitled to use the law as a handmaid of "progress." Amidst hysterics about the righteous need for "atonement," the Allied leadership rejected the sane advice of Hull and Churchill; instead of court-martialing the bad lot, it exposed them to a sham procedure of justice—the theory being that some kind of grand and solemn trial was necessary for the education of the German people. Mr. Davidson, it seems, still gives some weight to that theory ("Nuremberg may be defended as a political event if not as a court").

The Germans, however, as I can

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testify from ten years of close observation, never felt that event as a moral purge of their national soul; they merely accepted it, with the cynicism of the defeated, as part and parcel of Allied victory. They, too, would have hanged the Allied leaders, they know, if they had won the war —as any nation probably would at the *dénouement* of a dirty war. But in ten years of intensive listening, I have not encountered a single German who experienced the Nuremberg Trials as a catharsis of Germany's tragedy.

THE GERMANS KNOW, as we all know, that the Nuremberg Trials violated the fundamental concept of civilized law that was once more solemnly codified (on December 10, 1948—*after* the Germans were hanged) by the General Assembly of the United Nations in their "Declaration of Human Rights": "No one shall be held guilty of any penal offense on account of any act or omission which did not constitute a penal offense, under national or international law, at the time when it was committed. Nor shall a heavier penalty be imposed than the one that was applicable at the time the penal offense was committed." The Nuremberg Trials were conducted in conscious violation of both commandments. They proclaimed, *ex post facto*, an undefined and undefinable "Crime of Preparing Aggressive War"; and they imposed sentences that were not "applicable at the time the penal offense was committed" (for the simple reason that the punished act "did not constitute a penal offense, under national or international law, at the time when it was committed").

If the Allied leaders detested the "short shrift" recommended by Hull and Churchill, and insisted on legal procedures in punishing the Nazis, there was only one course open to them. They could have detained the whole gang until the day when *German* courts were again in action to punish them under the valid *German* law. For the basic guilt of these criminals was indeed that they had brazenly violated the valid law of their own country; and, since 1948, the German courts have demonstrated beyond any doubt that they are willing and able to apply the law to its criminal violators.

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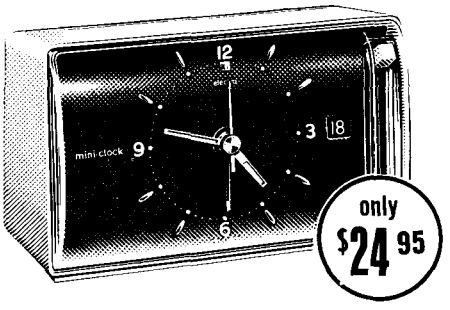

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forgotten and willfully distorted fact. It was indeed the original intention of the American authorities to see the Nuremberg defendants tried and punished under the valid *German* law. In 1944, when I was an assistant to the editor-in-chief of *Time, Life* and *Fortune,* I was called to Washington to discuss the possibilities of prosecuting the Nazis under the valid German law—and no other possibility was even mentioned in the conversations. But a few months later, the brand-new rules of the "International War-Guilt Trials" went into effect.

What had happened in the meantime? It is one of the many merits of Davidson's work that a careful and analytical reader of *The Trial of the Germans* can put two and two together (though not exactly under the guidance of the author), and learn that the Soviet government pushed the governments of England and the United States into the shameful Nuremberg procedures. The Soviets, it seems, knew then as now how to abuse Anglo-Saxon "progressivism" and the unfortunate readiness of Anglo-Saxon "pragmatism" to accept even amoral means to a justifiable end. Because the value of Nazi atonement seemed unquestionable and highly desirable, Anglo-Saxon jurists and judges adjusted themselves to a "value-free" execution of the law.

This is the everlasting guilt of Nuremberg. Eugene Davidson wrote his book because he is demonstrably aware of that guilt. Then he got lost in the ocean of evil deeds which he had to tell in telling the case against the defendants of Nuremberg. Instead of writing his book in the spirit that moved him at the beginning, Davidson ended up with a book that makes, indeed, a perfect case against Nazism. And this, too, is a useful job. But it is not the job Davidson could have done. His real subject was to present, as he was so clearly qualified to do, all available evidence for the fundamental truth of Western legal concepts: that the law, precisely when it collides with the lowest kind of criminals, must prove its high moral tenets.

The law may be a ass, but it must not be a handmaid to politicians. Insisting on Nazi atonement, the West has incurred a profound guilt. And Davidson's book, even though the author finally succumbed to the relativistic attitudes of hesitating and hedging, will help in the process of confession and purge.

Theater

A Pinter Pickled Peppers

FRANCIS RUSSELL

THE GERMAN OVERSEAS ensemble, die Brücke, now touring this country, is a small company of extraordinary actors. I found them at their best in their production of Carl Sternheim's fifty-three-year-old play, *Bürger Schippel.* Sternheim's name is not familiar outside of Germany; in fact I do not think his plays have been translated into English. In the decade before World War I he was a popular playwright on the Shavian model, and his portraits of bourgeois life were so sharp that I believe the Crown Prince walked out on one performance (as he also did on one of Shaw's).

Since Sternheim's day Germany has lived through four changes of flag, and I was curious to see how much of his play of half a century ago could survive. Would it have anything more than the dry historical interest of, let us say, a revival of *Our American Cousin*? I was surprised to find how much of *Bürger Schippel* survived its era and managed to be not only entertaining but meaningful.

Bürger Schippel concerns itself with life in a petty German town, a former dukedom still inhabited by a non-reigning duke. Four friends of its entrenched bourgeoisie, under the

leadership of Hicketier the goldsmith, have long made up a quartet that has twice won the golden crown in the ducal singing competition. But the tenor has just died, and with a new competition coming up the only local candidate to replace him is the crudely lower-class Paul Schippel who is not only illegitimate but plays a flute in a second-rate dance orchestra. Nevertheless his golden voice is indispensable and Hicketier is forced to ask him to fill out their quartet. The ensuing complications and Schippel's wry reactions make up the plot. For good measure there is a balcony scene with the current duke and the not-so-young sister of Hicketier that will make it difficult for me ever to see *Romeo and Juliet* again with a straight face.

Bürger Schippel is a credible play. So life must have been in provincial Germany under the Kaiser. And yet so, in a sense, it will always be as long as classes exist—which means as long as there are people in the world. To that extent the old play still has a message. But beyond that it develops logically, it is witty, and fulfills the fundamental law of the theater by keeping the audience's interest aroused.

THE CAST of the Royal Shakespeare Company now playing in Harold Pinter's current play *The Homecoming* is as finished as the die Brücke ensemble, and both are very finished indeed. If the English company were not so brilliant I fear the audience would be in for a dullish evening, for during nearly half the acting time nothing is said. It is a setting that has now become a cliché—a seedy house in a London slum. Its inhabitants are the irascible seventy-year-old Max (something of a cockney Jeeter), his mild younger brother and Max's two sons. Max is a retired butcher, Sam a hired-car driver, while the hulking thick-witted Joey is a would-be prize-fighter and Lenny a pimp.

At this shambling household a third son, Teddy, suddenly arrives from America with his wife Ruth. Ten years ago he and Ruth were married and left England. Since then he has become a professor of philosophy at an American university and she has had two children. How anyone from that unlikely household could get to be a professor of philosophy is not explained.

Scarcely are Lenny and Ruth alone together than they begin to grope towards each other sexually. Joey later makes advances to Ruth with the whole family present. Teddy looks on with pipe-smoking indifference while Joey grapples with his wife on the sofa and Lenny strokes her hair.

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Ruth, for reasons again not given, decides not to return to America, but to let Lenny set her up in a flat as a prostitute so that she can support the family. To this Teddy is again calmly agreeable, remarking merely that if she stays she will of course have to pull her weight. After hours she can return to the flat and share her favors with Lenny and Joey. In the final scene old Max drags himself over to her chair to demand a kiss as his payment in the share-and-share-alike arrangement. I might add that for some reason Sam has dropped dead while all this has been going on, just after he announced that Max's wife once betrayed him in the back seat of a car. No one pays any attention to his body lying on the floor.

Perhaps in such a brief outline I do the play an injustice. It is at least not such a walky-talky as Genet's *The Balcony*. But unlike *Bürger Schippel* the situation itself is just not credible. Pinter's play lacks both motivation and plausibility. Why did Ruth at once acquiesce to her brother-in-law? Why was she so willing to embrace the dead-end life of a prostitute? Why was her husband so indifferent? There is no answer to be found on the stage. But to the question of whether this could ever really have happened, my own answer is that it could not. Since *The Homecoming* is written and played on a naturalistic level, it must be judged as such. Never could such a situation have occurred. This play has neither tenderness nor feeling nor motivation nor, in the last analysis, interest. Beyond the original repulsive idea it lacks substance. Played by a lesser company it would be a crashing bore. As it is, if I had to see it again I should feel I was doing penance. I doubt much if *The Homecoming* will be played in another fifty years—or fifteen—or five, for that matter.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

TEILHARD AND THE SUPERNATURAL, by Eulalio R. Baltazar (Helicon, $6.95). To say that there is something *over* nature (super-natural) is to say that nature is *under;* and that, you see, is an insult to the World. Cosmic etiquette forbids our calling the World inferior to anything—anything, that is, except the Future, which is by definition the Better. No one can resent being called less perfect than the Future.

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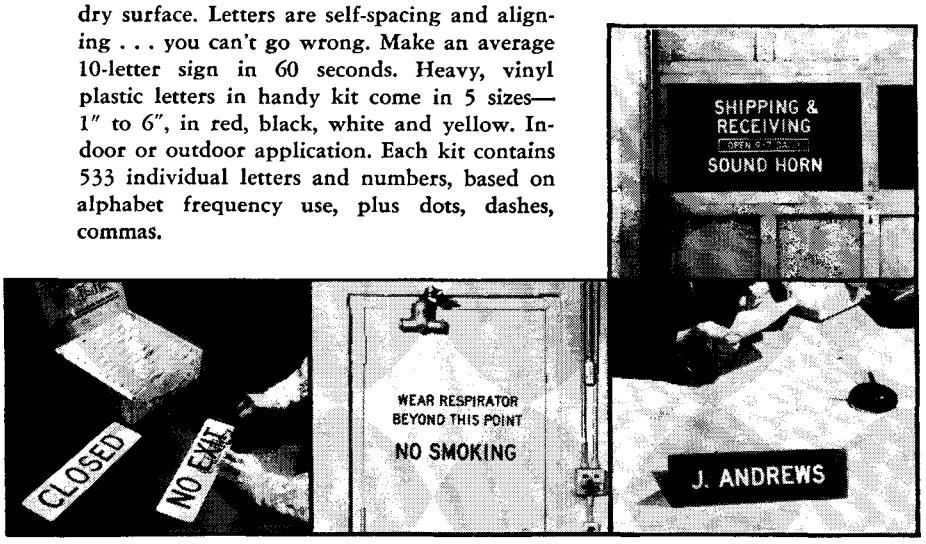

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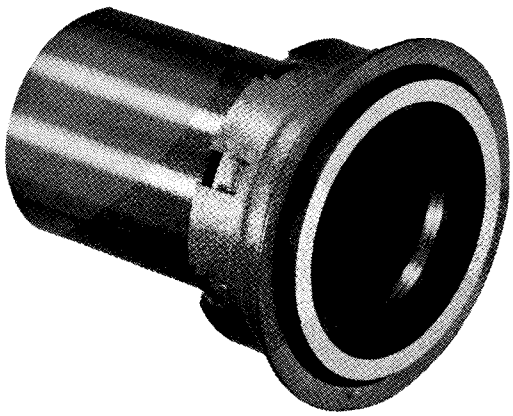

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So we must give up any distinction between the natural and the supernatural, and talk, instead, of where we were (alpha) and where we are going (omega). Aquinas' supernature is bad (but Teilhard's Superman is good); Aristotle's matter-as-potency is bad (but Teilhard's matter-as-preconsciousness is good). We must give up the idea of the supernatural as life-upon-life-added in the present, so we may look forward to the Superman we shall collectively become some undetermined aeons hence. Why? So we can live in what, so help me, the author calls a "3-D" universe. Teilhard is well served. His disciples *do* reveal what he stands for: the displacing of philosophy by Newspeak. G. WILLS

THE DOOM PUSSY, by Elaine Shepard (Trident, $4.95). The doom pussy is the patch worn by the men who fly by night over North Vietnam. It is also the title of an outstanding book about the Vietnamese war. In sharp contrast to most journalism about this conflict (overblown superficialities and underdone judgments), Miss Shepard has conveyed both the spirit of the war and the *esprit* of the warriors. The *Doom Pussy* is more than just a "woman's-eye view" of the war in Vietnam. It is the account of a sensitive and perceptive reporter, telling not only how it is, but *why* it is. The book should be required reading for doves as well as hawks, although the former run the risk of having their preconceived pinfeathers ruffled by reality.

J. D. KIRWAN

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (March 7)

M. STANTON EVANS

THE POLITICS OF SURRENDER

With respect to Communism, liberal orthodoxy today is very much in the position of the backward native confronted by an epidemic of cholera. Oblivious of the true nature of the affliction, he relies on verbal placebos and burnt offerings to appease the baleful spirit.

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Congress' function (not the Warren Court's)	3 114 1 111 127 167 25 137 72
B. Old Testament book of but one chapter	11 164 112 61 44 116 123
C. New Year's Eve	97 9 34 37 75 82 85 138 150 160
D. A movement that would take in everybody and his brother-in-law (one form)	110 45 18 62 2 26 102 83
E. Not dead	144 48 5 136 33 177
F. We've paid our debt to ....., who do we owe now? (Now, they owe us.)	143 35 43 178 155 84 74 96 126
G. A deliveryman, as of milk, bread, etc. (Brit.)	175 68 145 50 131 78 163 76 64
H. Home of Little Abner	51 15 70 115 87 77 104 20
I. A chair in the chimney corner	55 8 27 60 63 69 73 93 109 128 142 151 156
J. All fruits (Italian)	58 159 168 31 38 46 100 120 139 141 162
K. The last king of Judah	24 39 14 174 129 4 105 98

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Lubricant contained in one's arm (slang)	32 13 119 124 149 170 47 57 71 146 91
M. A magazine of the extreme Left	40 154 88 179 52 106
N. The part of a liquid remaining after its more soluble components have been extracted by a solvent	117 165 16 53 132 113 176 41 6
O. One who has a high degree of sensitivity toward the beauties of art or nature	130 17 89 125 99 107 171
P. Act of moving from place to place	67 169 19 29 54 59 66 94 135 148
Q. Sarcoptes scabiei	80 118 166 90 22 7 172 101
R. A light unarmed scouting and liaison airplane	134 12 21 36 86 173 140 158 92 94 30
S. City in East England	147 28 133 10 42 79 161
T. Inhabitant of Canada's capital	157 103 121 23 153 108 56
U. Formulator of the law of gravitation (as yet not unconstitutional)	180 81 122 152 65 95

			1 A	2 D		3 A	4 K	5 E	6 N		7 O	8 I		9 C		10 S	11 B
12 R	13 L	14 K		15 H	16 N		17 O	18 D	19 P	20 H		21 R	22 O	23 T	24 K	25 A	26 D
27 I		28 S	29 P	30 R	31 J	32 L	33 E	34 C		35 F		36 R	37 C	38 J	39 K	40 M	41 N
42 S	43 F	44 B	45 D		46 J	47 L	48 E	49 R	50 G	51 H		52 M	53 N		54 P	55 I	56 T
57 L		58 J	59 P	60 I	61 B		62 D	63 I		64 G	65 U	66 P		67 P	68 G	69 I	70 H
	71 L	72 A	73 I		74 F	75 C	76 G	77 H		78 G	79 S	80 O	81 U	82 C	83 D	84 F	
85 C	86 R		87 H	88 M		89 O	90 Q	91 L		92 R	93 I	94 P	95 U	96 F		97 C	98 K
99 O	100J	101Q		102D	103T		104H	105K	106M		107O	108T	109I	110D		111A	112B
113N		114A	115H	116B	117N	118O		119L	120J	121T		122U	123B	124L		125O	126F
	127A	128I	129K	130O	131G		132N	133S		134R	135P	136E	137A	138C		139J	140R
	141J	142I	143F	144E		145G	146L		147S	148P		149L	150C	151I	152U		153T
154M	155F		156I	157T		158R	159J	160C		161S	162J	163G		164B	165N	166O	167A
	168J	169P	170L	171O	172O	173R	174K	175G		176N	177E	178F	179M	180U			

See page 318 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

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VAN DEN HAAG

(Continued from p. 298)

tives for possible behavior—and not very well at that—he shows that the behavior actually took place. Whereupon he dons judicial robes to explain away evidence to the contrary.

He even has Alger Hiss's stepson, Timothy, interrogated under Sodium Pentothal (exclusively by Hiss's lawyer). Oddly, Timothy says things were as his stepfather said. His stepfather did not want him crossinterrogated and did not let him testify in court. Testimony under Sodium Pentothal—let alone under these circumstances—has no standing in court. I know of comic books, but not of psychiatrists, that are sure that this drug produces the truth.

IX. Conclusions

What can we learn from Dr. Zeligs' book?

1) About Alger Hiss. Dr. Zeligs describes him as an intelligent, cold, withdrawn, pedantic but otherwise lovable and kindhearted Boy Scout. I suspect there's more to it. According to the author, Hiss affected a British style and, with his family, Quaker mannerisms—although neither he nor his wife were, or became, British or Quakers. One might conjecture that Hiss—as a result of his father's and sister's suicides, and of his older brother's irresponsible life style—assumed a pseudo-personality: that of the strong father and of the responsible older brother he would have liked to have had; and that he expressed his hostility against his early and heavy burdens and the responsibilities he was compelled to bear, by his attempt to destroy a less than ideal, weak and gullible father—the U.S. Government.

2) About Whittaker Chambers. He committed many sins before he repented but in the end helped his country more than he damaged it. Nothing about his personality can be learned from Dr. Zeligs; but Dr. Leopold Bellak's description of the creative personality seems to fit. "Kris' . . . 'regression in the service of the ego' I should like to reformulate as a brief, oscillating, relative reduction of certain adaptive functions of the ego in the service of other, specifically the 'synthetic', ego functions. What takes place is that the cognitive, selective and adaptive functions are decreased. This weakens the sharply defined boundaries . . . of logical, temporal, spatial, and other relations and permits them to reorder themselves into new configurations with new boundaries which later come under the scrutiny of the again sharply functioning adaptive forces."

3) About the courts. They certainly seem fairer and more trustworthy after Dr. Zeligs' book than before.

4) About psychoanalysis. It can be easily misused by unsuitable or insufficiently trained analysts to impose and rationalize their moral and political views. But the same has been said, correctly, of statistics. One should reject misuse of statistics but not discard competent statistical procedures. The same may be said of psychoanalysis.

5) About Dr. Meyer A. Zeligs and his book *Friendship and Fratricide*. Psychoanalysis, indeed, science, has not been so disingenuously prostituted to rationalize political passions and personal obsession since the leftist pornographer Ralph Ginzburg devoted an issue of *Fact* Magazine to a thousand "psychoanalysts," "psychologists" or "psychiatrists" willing to "scientifically" diagnose Barry Goldwater sight unseen. Most found Mr. Goldwater unfit for office because of personality defects which caused him not to share Mr. Ginzsburg's views (and their own) on life and politics. However, unlike Mr. Ginzburg, Dr. Zeligs—for reasons not apparent in this book—is a member of the American Psychoanalytic Association. His purely political pornography is beyond the reach of the law, though certainly more nefarious than Mr. Ginzburg's. Zeligs defames a dead man, Whittaker Chambers, because he deludes himself into believing that he thereby proves the innocence of Alger Hiss. He might benefit from competent therapy.

WAUGH

(Continued from p. 302)

me in the street; a salesman mistakes an order; telephone information gives me the wrong number. But after a month in Denmark I found that I had not lost my temper once; not because I was any more amiable myself, but because Danish life was so well-mannered and so easygoing. During the winter the streets and shops are full of Danes, not tourists.

Perhaps one is wise not to attempt to escape the worst part of the year, to take it in one's stride, to stay where one is put. Certainly I am not feeling particularly sorry for myself as I scurry between classrooms, close-wrapped in a heavy coat, my head bent to meet the wind. I am not overworked. I am not underpaid. I have made good friends here. I should not be at all surprised if in ten years' time, if I am still around, I should not be acclaiming this current winter, in spite of its imposed servitude, as one of my very best.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Listen hard: if you hear grudging pro-Reagan noises from Sen. **Thomas Kuchel** in weeks ahead it's because Kuchel is now running scared. What's scaring him is report conservative Republicans may pit Gen. **Curtis LeMay** against him in '68 California senatorial primary. . . . In Alabama next year it will probably by former Rep. **James Martin** *v.* liberal Sen. **Lister Hill.** Martin took on Hill in '62 and got a surprising 47 per cent of the vote; did less well against **Lurleen Wallace** last November, but who wouldn't have? . . . Busy as a beaver on the southern Republican political circuit is **Everett Hamm** who is **Winthrop Rockefeller**'s **Craig Truax.** Hamm is sounding out southern sentiment in party re **Nelson Rockefeller** as you-know-what. . . . Lost to Rocky camp: **Raymond Price Jr.** Price was editorial page editor of Whitney-Thayer-Rockefeller now-defunct *N.Y. Herald-Tribune.* He's joining **Richard Nixon**'s unofficial campaign staff as "foreign and domestic policy" adviser.

■ Scoop for *Human Events.* In latest issue, **Phillip Abbott Luce** reveals **Chiang Kai-shek**'s son **Chiang Ching-kuo** made super-secret trip to Washington recently, conferred for some time with **LBJ.** Presumed reason for trip: to ask Johnson to permit large-scale Taiwan actions against China mainland. According to Luce, Chiang was turned down. . . . SANE has decided against joining planned April 15 "Spring Mobilization to End the War in Vietnam." Heated arguments on question found the **Normans (Thomas** and **Cousins), Irving Howe, Homer Jack** arrayed against Dr. **Benjamin Spock** who favored Spring Mobilization "as long as they don't do anything terribly foolish." Reason for rift: Spring Mobilization refuses to exclude Communists, Maoists and Vietniks from parade ranks. . . . Rushing to get it out: International Publishers with **George Morris'** *CIA and American Labor,* a blast at CIA tieups with labor. Morris is labor columnist for the *Worker;* the man he's out to get is **Jay Lovestone**. . . . According to *National Guardian* **Joan Littlewood** is planning a London production of *MacBird!* this spring —to spread the anti-LBJ cheer. . . . Still at it, **Jean-Paul Sartre** who told Cairo audience last week that "coexistence is impossible with the Vietnam war criminals [meaning us]."

■ Floor fight brewing. National Federation of Republican Women last week nominated California businesswoman **Gladys O'Donnell** for president of half-million member organization. The nomination expected to be contested by NFRW first vice-president **Phyllis Schlafly** (*A Choice Not an Echo*); promises to be a lively battle. . . . Connecticut liberal Republicans **(Searle Pinney** and Co.) took beating in selection of **Howard Hausman**—the opposition candidate—as state chairman of badly rent party.

Jusp-*Wir Bruckenbauer,* Switzerland

Obstacles on Wilson's way to the Common Market.

■ Quiet pressure by U. S. diplomats paying off: **only twenty non-Communist ships** (mostly chartered by Communist nations) put in at Haiphong in last six months of 1966, as against a total of 254 in 1965. . . . Indonesia reports it has killed 54 Chinese Communist guerrillas and captured forty more along the Borneo border since last fall. Chinese presumably were infiltrated when the pro-Peking **Sukarno** regime was harassing Malaysia. . . . Latest affront to Sukarno: he's been told foreign ambassadors will, hereafter, present their credentials to **Suharto** instead of to him. . . . Jakarta and Singapore have started negotiations to resume trade relations, broken in the **Crush-Malaysia** days.

■ One surprise of French election: **Jacques Soustelle,** running for National Assembly seat in Lyon as absentee candidate—he would be jailed if he entered France—placed second in the first round of voting. Pre-election polls showed him a poor fourth in crowded field. . . . In trouble, the 91-year-old mayor of Dijon, **Canon Kir**—a Catholic left-liberal. Kir (a Dijon drink of white wine and cassis has been named after him) was badly beaten in first round of votes. . . . Betting in Spain is that **Moise Tshombe** will not accept one-way ticket to trial for high treason offered him by Congolese president General **Mobutu.** Trial will take place—with or without Tshombe.

■ Actor-playwright **Ossie Davis** and author **James Baldwin** have quit advisory board of the *Liberator,* a Negro magazine, in protest against its publication of "Semitism in the Black Ghetto," by Edward Ellis. . . . Dr. **Eugene Genovese,** who figured in '64 New Jersey election campaign, will leave Rutgers next summer for post at George Williams University in Montreal. Genovese was supported by Gov. **Hughes** in the '64 campaign, despite his remark that he favored a Vietcong victory in Vietnam. . . . Escalation: **Joan Baez,** claiming that even more of her money is going to fight the Vietnam war (which she disapproves of), announces that this year she will not pay the government 70 per cent of her 1966 taxes—instead of the 60 per cent she tried not to pay a year ago.

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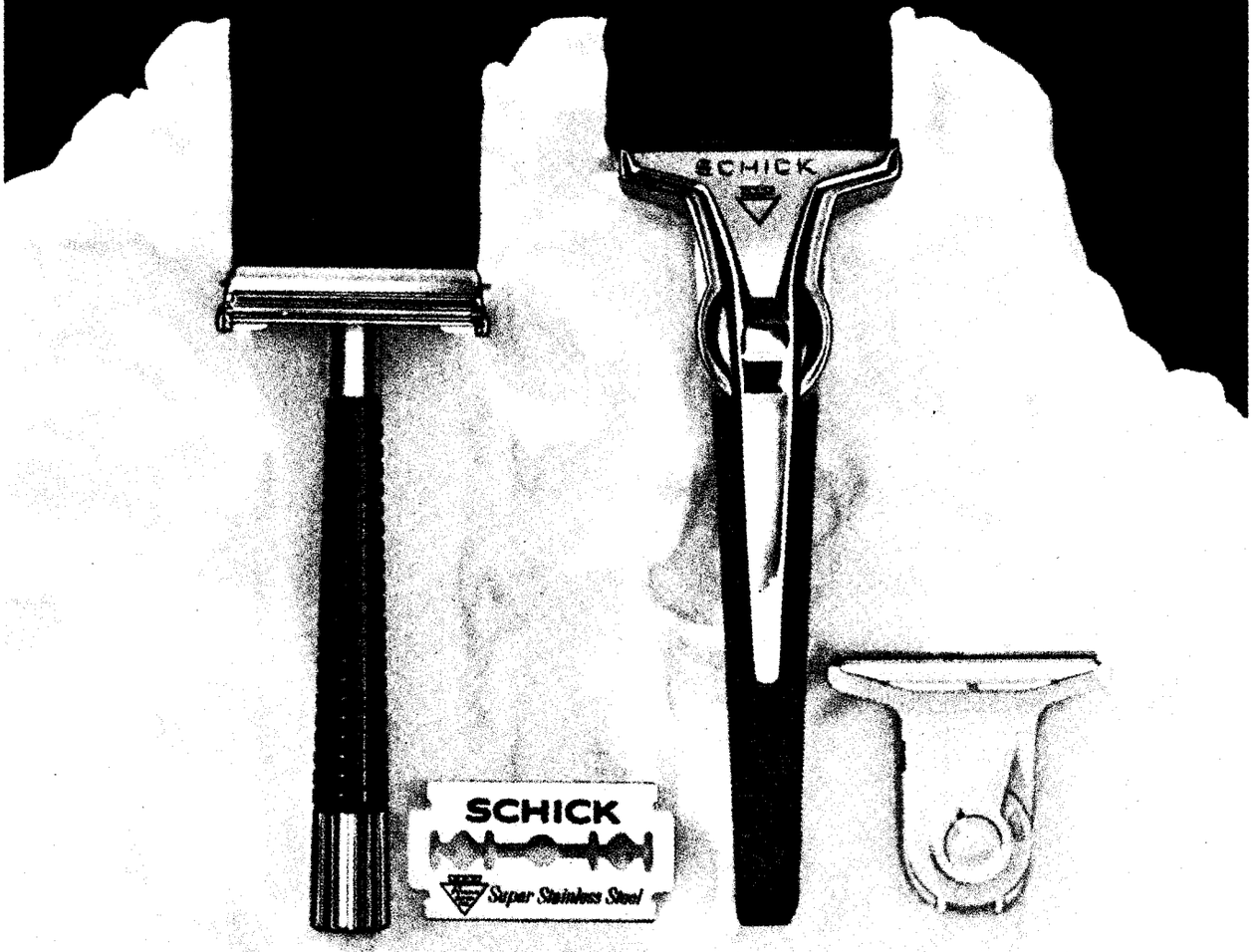

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